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MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 16 No. 5 75p

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STARS AND STRIPPED:
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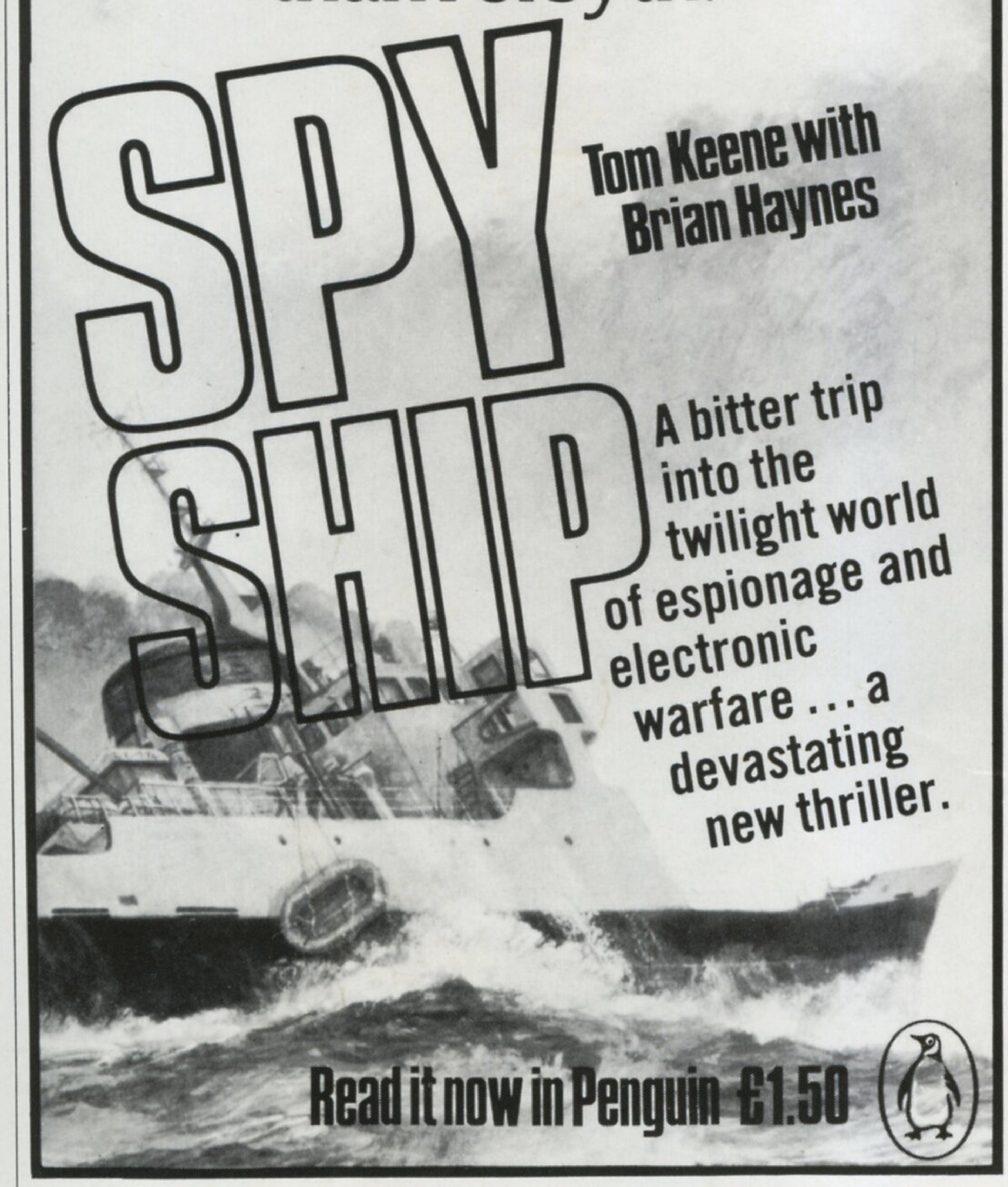
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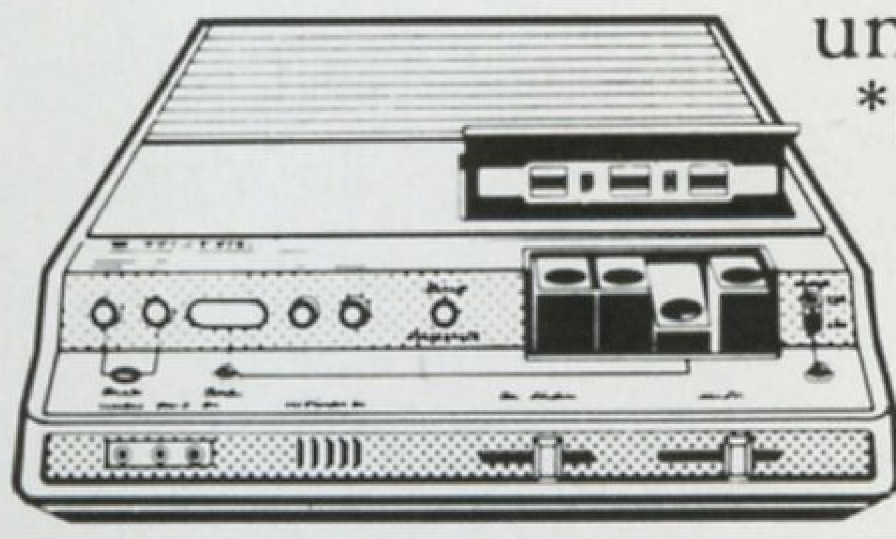

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Science Explains
Why Hair Turns Grey

GRECIAN 2000 reverses the greying process.

Science has long recognised that hair colour comes from a pigment called melanin, which is produced in the hair follicles. The amount of melanin produced determines the colour of the hair. The more melanin, the darker the hair. As people age the production of melanin decreases in individual hairs, and those hairs turn grey. When no melanin at all is produced, the hair turns white.

Forms new pigment in hair cells
Recently released micro-photographs show that **Grecian 2000** reverses the greying process by gradually combining with the hairs' natural protein to form new pigments inside the hair cells, where the melanin used to be.

Because the new pigment is formed inside the hair cells it does not rub off and is not affected by shampooing or swimming.

Easy to use colourless liquid
Grecian 2000 is a combination of minerals and emollients. It looks like water and is as easy to use as water. There is no mess.

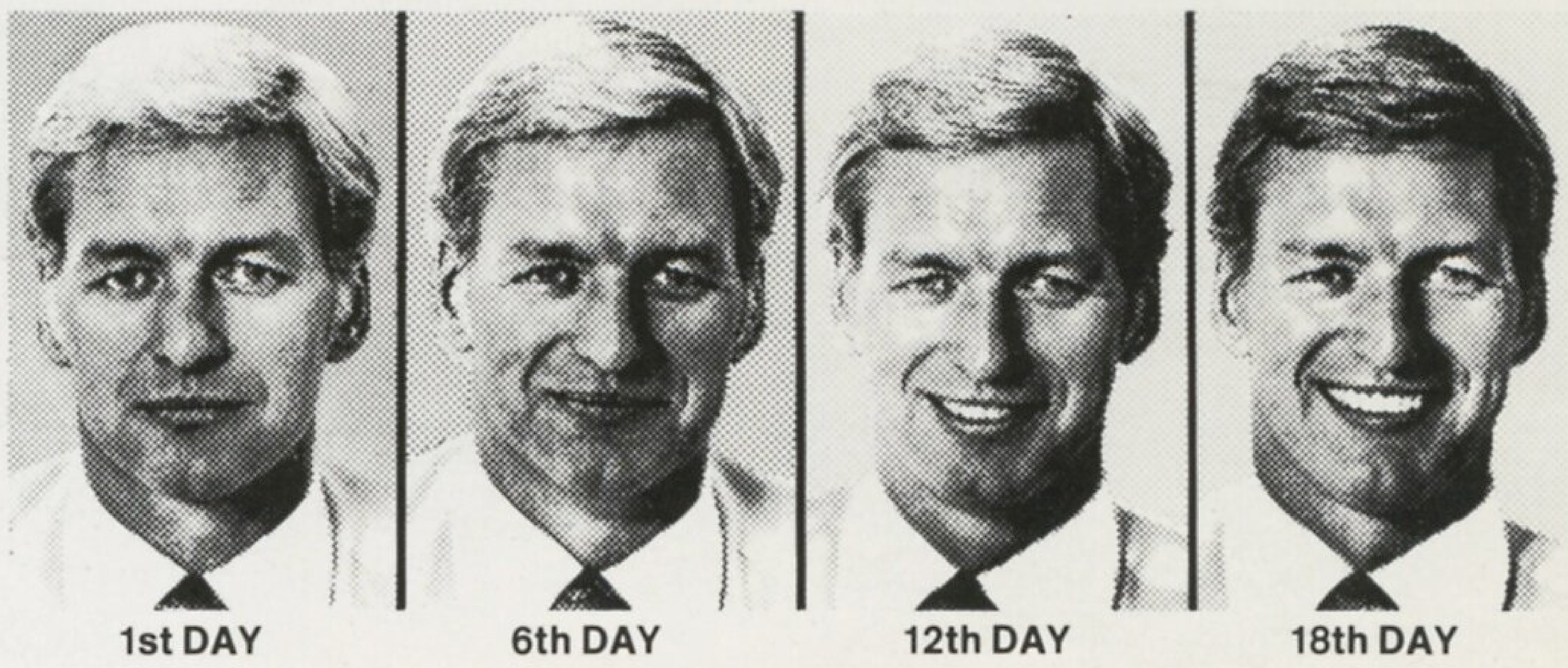
Application is daily for the first 2 or 3 weeks until as much grey as desired slowly disappears. Then once or twice a week is sufficient to maintain the natural colour.

Why results look perfectly natural
Natural hair is never one solid colour. There are always slight shade variations. This is because no two individual hairs contain an identical amount of melanin.

Since the new pigment formed replaces the lost melanin in each hair, the amount of pigment in individual hairs will vary. Whether a little colour is restored or a lot of colour – the hair will retain its natural shadings. This is why **Grecian** results look so natural. The hair does not have that solid dark dyed look.

Because **Grecian 2000** contains emollients, the condition of the hair is improved as well as the appearance.

Grecian 2000 is available in both lotion and cream forms at leading stores.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WCRS

"ANOTHER 5BHP AND THE R65 WOULD BE A VERY EXCITING AND RAPID BIKE."

Mike Scott, Superbike Magazine.
OCTOBER 1980.

"TOLD YOU."

Mike Scott.
FEBRUARY 1981.

You could be forgiven for thinking that we uprated the R65 just to impress Mike Scott.

A mere coincidence, of course, but he wasn't wrong.

The new model is an even livelier performer than its predecessor.

So how did we add those extra bhp?

Well, to start with, we fitted electronic ignition, a second balance pipe and a more generous air filter.

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The result is a 650cc motorcycle on which you can cruise all day at an effortless 100mph. A machine which 'Superbike' road-tested to a top speed of 113mph.

At the other end of the scale, an extra 1.7lb/ft of torque ensures such good low-speed throttle response, that you can poodle around at under 20mph in top gear. (You're also helped by a clutch with a 30% lighter action.)

But as you'll no doubt be hitting slightly more enterprising speeds than that, you'll be glad to hear that petrol consumption at cruising speed is a handy 55mpg.

And we haven't stopped there.

Some innovations, like nickel-plated cylinder barrels, will actually make your R65 last longer.

While others, like semi-metallic pads which improve wet weather braking by up to 40%, may even make you last longer.

But they all measure up to the principle by which we've stood for so long: they all make the motorcycle a much better riding machine.

And if Mike Scott takes that as a personal favour, he's more than welcome.

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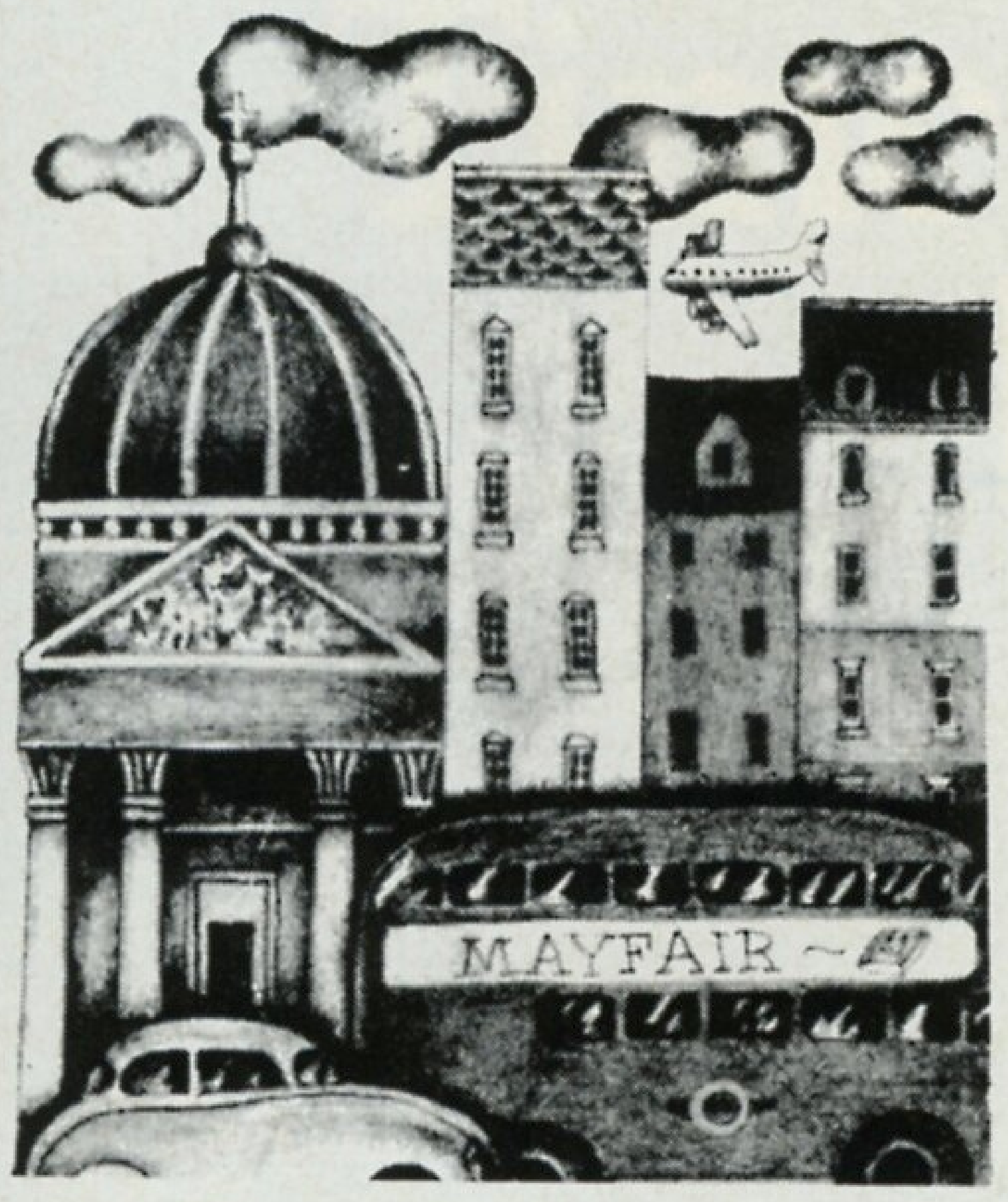
SCENE



Finding a pathway through the mire of information associated with coronary heart disease (CHD) is no small feat. Bearing this in mind, and in conjunction with *How to be Hearty about Heart Attacks* by Brian O'Hanlon (page 76) it is appropriate to mention a Press Study Tour last year, sponsored by the Flora Project for Heart Disease Prevention.

Perhaps the most interesting fact to emerge is that heart disease today is less prevalent among busy executives than it was a few years ago. Increasingly it is blue collar workers who are at risk. CHD is still the major cause of death in middle or old age but in the US the mortality rate has *decreased* by 25 per cent over the past 15 years and in Britain has levelled out, due mainly to better public awareness of CHD.

There are a number of factors associated with increased CHD risk, including cigarette smoking, blood pressure, exercise, stress and obesity which are controllable and other, uncontrollable, factors like age, sex (gender), high blood fats and hereditary traits.

There are two main, some say related, coronary diseases – atherosclerosis and thrombosis. Atherosclerosis is the accumulation of fats on the inner surface of the arteries, thus reducing the diameter of the artery and thereby the blood supply to the tissue. And in clinical tests it has been shown that a dietary switch to polyunsaturated fats can actually reduce atherosclerosis.

Thrombosis is the blocking of the coronary artery by a blood clot.

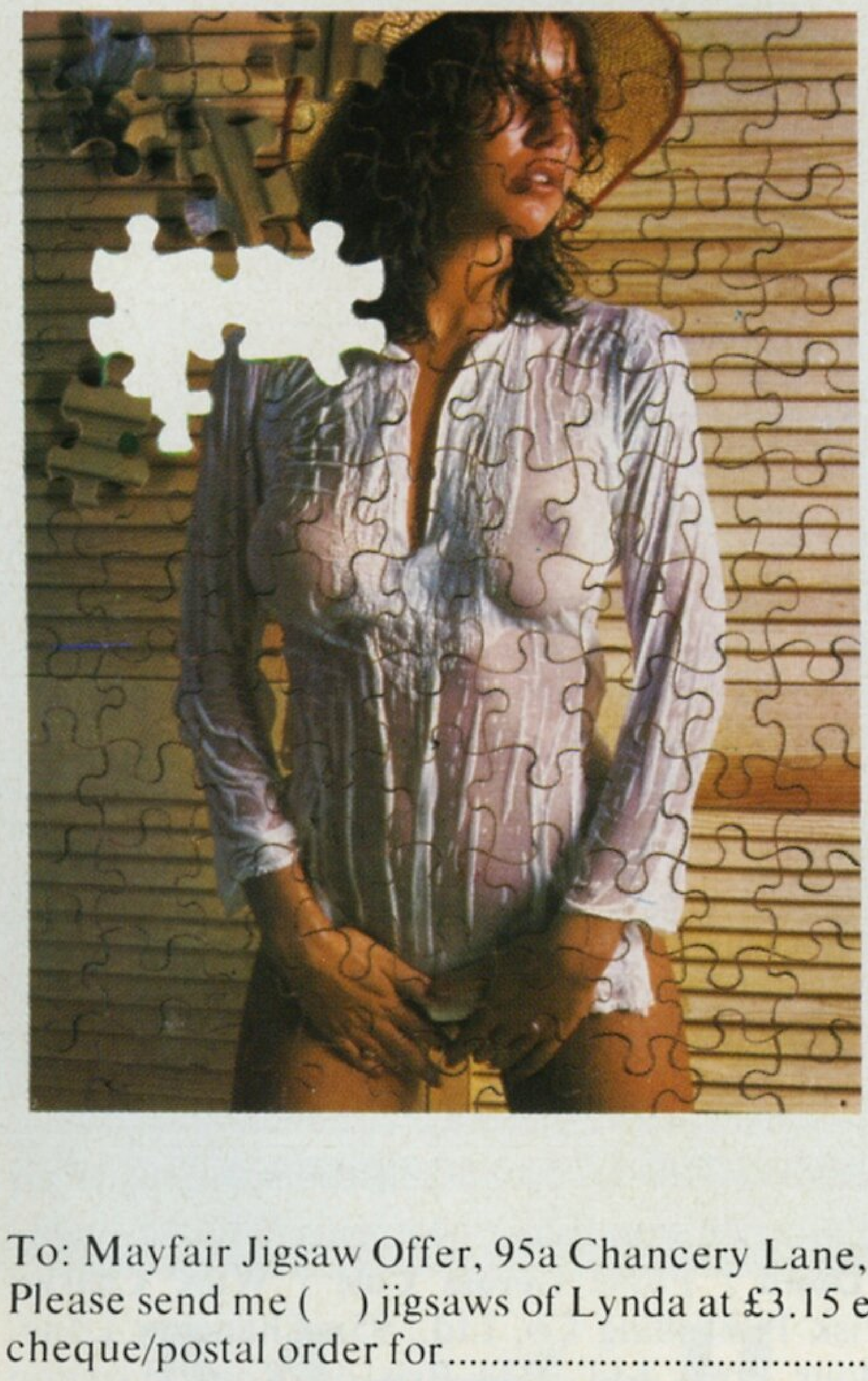
There is now an acceptance of the need to reduce cholesterol in our diet. We all make cholesterol, the amount is dependent in part to the amount and type of fat in our diet and by the amount of cholesterol consumed from other sources. Cholesterol is essential to man to maintain body tissue, but if there is too much in our blood we become more susceptible to atherosclerosis and CHD. The answer is to reduce the amount of cholesterol we eat – by changing the type of fat and foods we eat. Bacon, eggs, cream, butter are all high in cholesterol. Ideally, so the Royal College of Physicians tell us, we should eat less fatty meats, beef, bacon, etc, and eat more lean meats, fish and poultry; reduce butter consumption and increase consumption of margarines high in polyunsaturates; eat more grilled as opposed to fried foods; for cooking substitute vegetable oils high in polyunsaturates for lard and animal fats; and eat less cream, pastries and cakes and eat more fruit and vegetables.

Appearing in your local bookseller's soon is a minor epic of teenage sex and football entitled **Gregory's Girl** (Star, £1.25). It charts the thwarted romance of a 16-year-old Scottish schoolboy for a young and extremely attractive blonde, who happens to take his place in the school football team. It's a light, wry, and occasionally hilarious tale and should revive blushful memories of all your first adolescent tussles with the opposite sex. But we doubly recommend it because it also happens to be the first book by *Mayfair*'s own film critic, Gerald Cole. Appropriately enough it's based on a film of the same name by Glasgow film director Bill Forsyth.

Our own bawdy cartoonist Peter Maddocks runs a correspondence course for would-be cartoonists, and this month we feature the work of one of his protegées, John Stiles, on page 35. Peter thinks his course is the only one of its kind in England, and his students come from all walks of life and include priests, doctors and people in prison. He offers a six or nine lesson course which cover all aspects of cartoon drawing. Anyone interested in the course can write to the London School of Cartooning Ltd, 47 Fleet Street, London EC4Y 1BJ.

JIGSAW GIRL

When Lynda appeared in *Mayfair* wearing her wet, white smock she was an instant hit with readers. So now we've turned the wet-look Lynda into a puzzle of a jigsaw



Lynda – one of the most popular girls to appear in *Mayfair* – is now immortalised on a wooden jigsaw puzzle. It measures 11½ in by 8½ in, and costs only £3.15, including postage and plain packing. This superb picture of Lynda wearing nothing but a dripping wet, white smock is mounted on a wooden backing and then hand cut into a jigsaw puzzle. This is then contained on a stiff hardboard backing for despatch. So treat yourself to a pretty puzzler by completing the coupon today, or treat a friend because Lynda makes a perfect present.

To: Mayfair Jigsaw Offer, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
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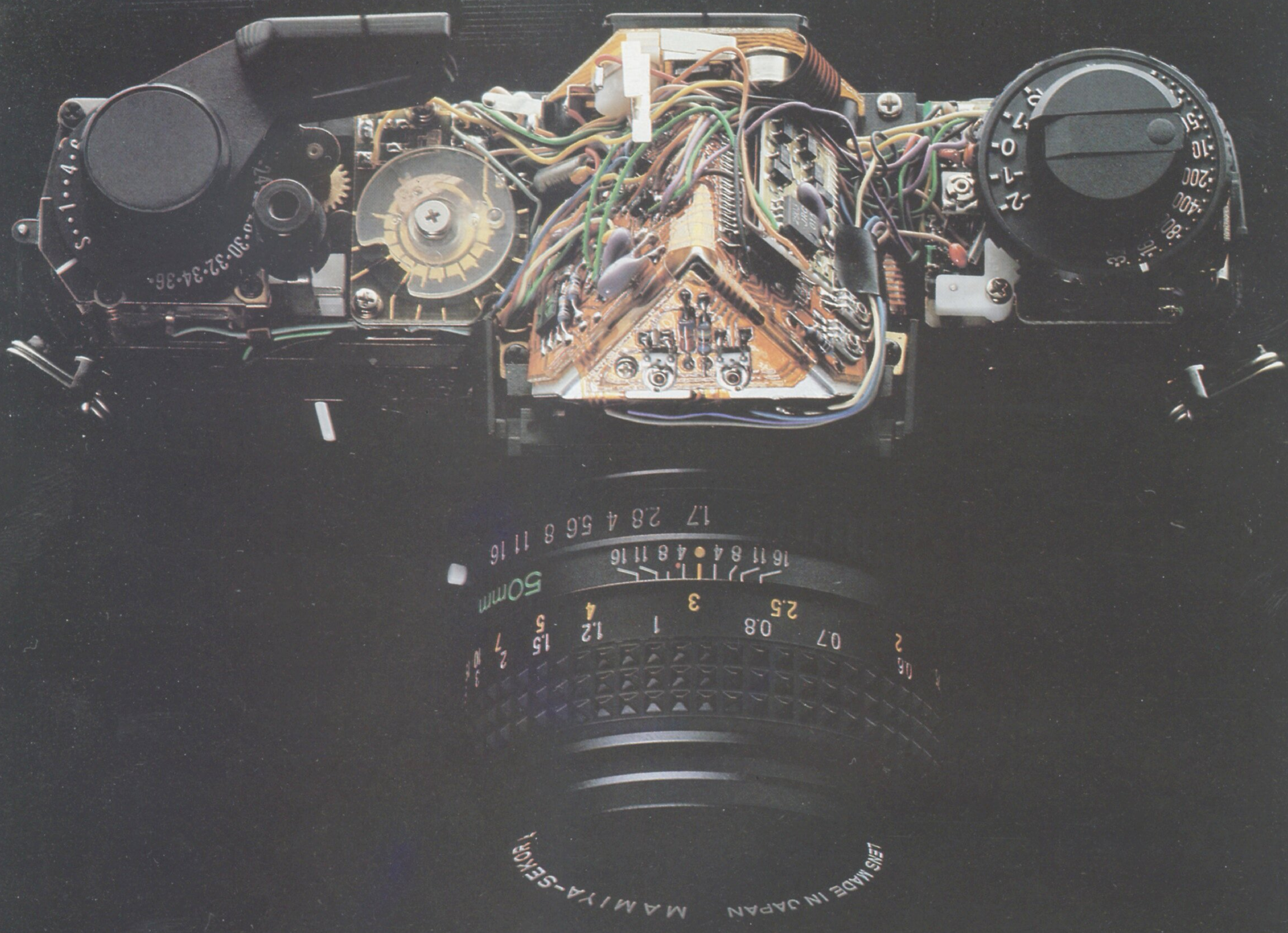

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"It's too dark," the lens might say to the body…"and the picture will suffer from camera shake." The camera's brain will immediately react to this information by warning the photographer with an audio alarm.

You can, of course, switch the brain off and take pictures manually with the Mamiya ZE2.

But on the whole, when it comes to taking pictures, two heads are better than one.

Mamiya

The ZE range of 35mm computers.

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I never thought I'd see the day when I had a kind word to say about Idi Amin. But if his expulsion order on all Ugandan Asians was directly responsible for bringing us the delightful Tammy Patel in Vol 16 No 2, then I'm forced to admit he did something right.

What a total stunner she is. She's got everything – a deliciously full figure for one so young, lovely long hair framing the face of an angel, and those eyes! They could surely melt the coldest heart, even that of old Idi himself. We're lucky they never met.

D M, Orkney Isles

When is the long-awaited topless revolution going to materialise? When will it become the norm at beaches and swimming pools for girls, even the most innocent virgins (and there are quite a number in this part of the world), to bare their boobs and wear only bikini bottoms?

No doubt some people would be shocked, as they are by any change of fashion. In the early '60s the bikini was regarded as daring as it was thought naughty for a girl to show off her belly button.

I remember being astonished and delighted when my girlfriend, a shy virgin, told me she had decided to get a bikini. The day after she got it she let me see it in her parents' house, and seeing her chalk-white naked middle and her belly button for the first time gave me a great thrill.

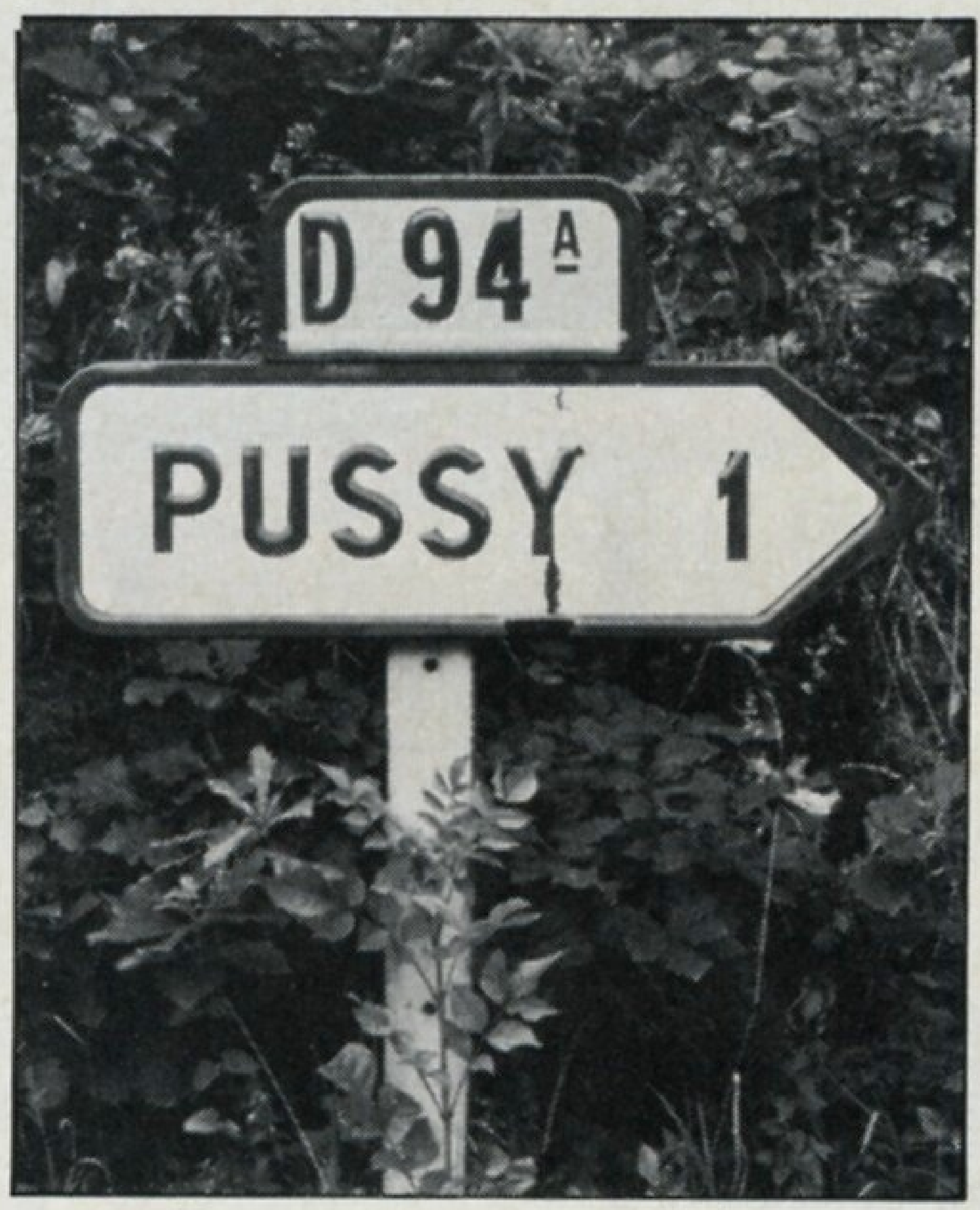
At the beach a few weeks later she allowed me to run my hands over her bare midriff and dial telephone numbers in her navel. It took me a year to get her to strip topless and let me fondle her naked tits. Even then I had to wait another year, until we were married, to have sex with her. My patience was rewarded, however, as when I eventually got her naked in bed I found that she had been well-worth waiting for.

D C, Dundee

That reminds us of the young girl who wore a bikini on a Spanish beach. A policeman said that one piece costumes had to be worn, so she asked him which half he wanted her to take off.

I came across rather an unusual signpost while driving through France on holiday, and can only assume that it was erected for the benefit of the local men, to direct them to the nearest brothel.

Unfortunately I was not able to go and investigate the pussy first hand as I had my wife with me. But next year I hope to return and investigate the facilities offered. Perhaps I will send you a report when I get back.



A Wrigley, Fakenham

We hope the D94 above the sign isn't referring to a bra size, or you may never get back alive.

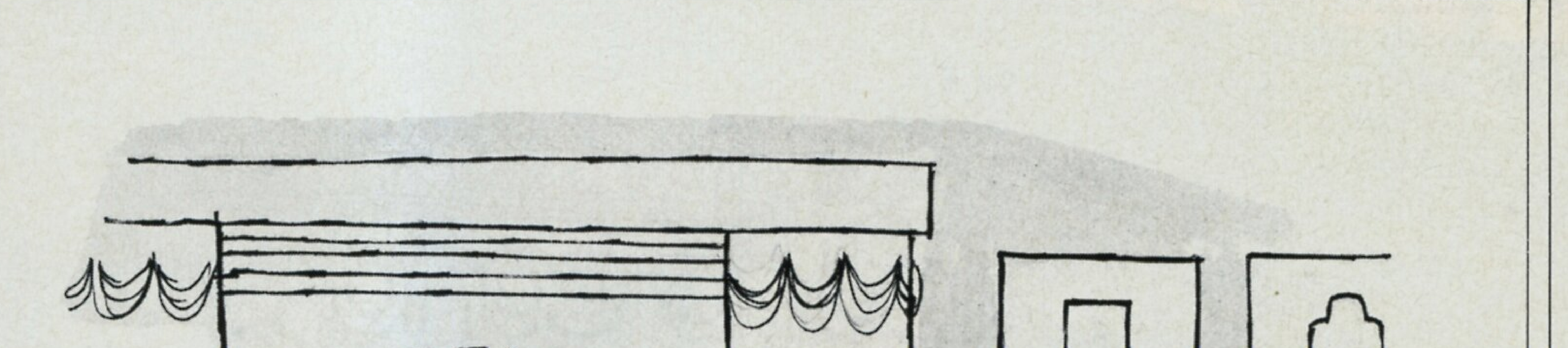
Other readers might like to hear about an arousing little incident which happened to me recently. To set the scene, I am 30 and work in an insurance office. I share my flat with an American girl and because of her nationality we have frequent short-stay female guests. My flatmate kept talking about one particular girlfriend of hers called Janice (name changed) who was coming to stay, but I did not take much notice. Now, however, I feel quite differently.

When Janice arrived and rang the doorbell I went down with my flatmate to help with the luggage. As soon as I turned the corner of the stairwell I saw her. She was about five feet four inches tall with thick black hair swept away from her face which was beautifully moulded and dominated by two large, very dark eyes. She said, 'Hello,' and ignoring the hand that I held out in true English fashion, she leant towards me and kissed me full on the cheek.

Over the next day and a half I could not get Janice out of my head and I decided that though I must play it cool I would try to make my feelings known to her. But I was totally unprepared for what actually happened. On the second day of her stay, after my flatmate had gone to work, I got up late because I did not have to be in the office that day. I heard the sound of running water from my bathroom, and as nonchalantly as possible I walked in, after the briefest of raps on the door.

Janice stood there looking in

turn to page 14



'Sorry, madam. We're booked solid for three months.'

SOUTHERN COMFORT

When steamboats raced, they stopped on Coal, wood and Southern Comfort.

If there was one event that could capture the imagination of the whole of the Mississippi it was a race between two great riverboats.

In 1870 such a race was organised between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez.

It was to start at New Orleans and finish over 1,200 miles upstream at St. Louis.

As the day of the race approached, each steamer would be stripped of all excessive and unnecessary weight.

It's even rumoured that on one trip a captain shaved his head and made his crew part their hair down the middle to reduce wind resistance.

Both steamboats would then be carefully loaded with just the right amount of fuel and

ly to take on vital fuel.

refreshment. Just enough to ensure as few stops as possible during the race.

The refreshment could well have been a bottle of Southern Comfort.

Because it was for just such an occasion as this that a citizen of New Orleans had invented Southern Comfort.

He created a recipe which ran to more than 100 pages. Southern Comfort was the essence of smoothness.

It had a rich amber glow and a flavour of quite indescribable subtlety.

Having made all necessary preparations, the two steamboats embarked on their voyage.

During the long hours of concentration, a careful pilot could gain a valuable lead over his competitor.

And even if it was only a matter of a few dozen yards it was reason enough to be refreshed by a glass of Southern Comfort blended with ice and soda.

On the 4th July, the Robert E. Lee arrived at St. Louis in a record-breaking 3 days 18 hours and 14 minutes. The Natchez arrived 6 hours and 36 minutes later.

Could the Natchez have run out of bottles of that invaluable golden liquid?

Or could they possibly have taken on board one too many?

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION

1220 North Price Road, St. Louis, Missouri.

LETTERS

continued from page 11

the mirror. I made some half-apology, but she did not even bother to reply. Instead she casually unbuttoned her shirt and started to remove it, revealing two of the most beautiful breasts I have ever seen. The nipples were strong and dark and the surrounds, which were about two inches across, were also dark and shone through her flimsy bra.

I tried to pretend that I was unmoved and waited to see whether she would ask me to leave. As if in answer to my silent prayer she just went on with the preparations for her bath, removing her jeans to display a full, tight arse scarcely contained by some tiny blue briefs.

Even though I knew she was just being natural, there was such an electric atmosphere that I could hardly breathe. Sure enough, she unhooked her bra and released her fantastic tits. They were perfect, about 38C and so firm and smooth that they hardly changed in shape at all. Then she stepped out of her briefs and I saw for the first time the most beautiful black bush that extended in a broad delta to within four inches of her navel.

I watched, still out of the corner of my eye, as she lowered her lovely form into the tub. At this point I decided to try and force the pace. Even if I had misinterpreted the situation, Janice did not seem the kind of girl to be easily perturbed. I offered to scrub her lovely back and when she agreed I got my first touch of her firm body.

Throwing all caution to the wind, I stepped back and started to peel off my own clothes. She seemed a little angry and puzzled and asked me what I thought I was doing. I made some feeble joke about it being an English custom in the hope that if I didn't freak out then she wouldn't. My guess was correct. She watched disinterestedly as I stepped out of my pants and climbed into the bath, my shaft pointing ominously towards her.

Slowly I washed her foot, then her calf, then her thigh. As she let me lift her leg I could see her slit and it was formed in such a way that drove me quite wild with lust. My tool grew stiffer and stiffer.

I made her stand up and turned her round so that I could inspect the glistening globes of her arse closely. Then I too stood up and, pressing myself roughly against her, I forced my tongue into her soft, wet mouth. At the same time I placed her hand on my cock.

Slowly, almost arrogantly, she started to pull me off, running her neat little hand up and down my shaft. There was something maddening but incredibly sexy about her silent ambiguous response. I slid my hand uninvited down her belly, past the thick growth and found her slit.

I slid my index finger into her. She felt strong and elastic, but hollow like a tunnel. I played with her 'little man in the boat'. Still she showed no signs of being really aroused, but gave herself to me as an animal does, with all her body but somehow detached.

I could bear it no longer. I lifted her bodily onto the bathroom floor and, still dripping, I proceeded to slide my mouth down to her nest. Then I parted her thighs and moved above her, ready to enter. I ploughed in and out of her with even strokes and it gave me divine sensations. As I wasn't sure about her use of contraception I withdrew just before I climaxed.

She cleaned herself up and I dressed. The next week, the incident remaining unmentioned, she moved on. But what a woman!

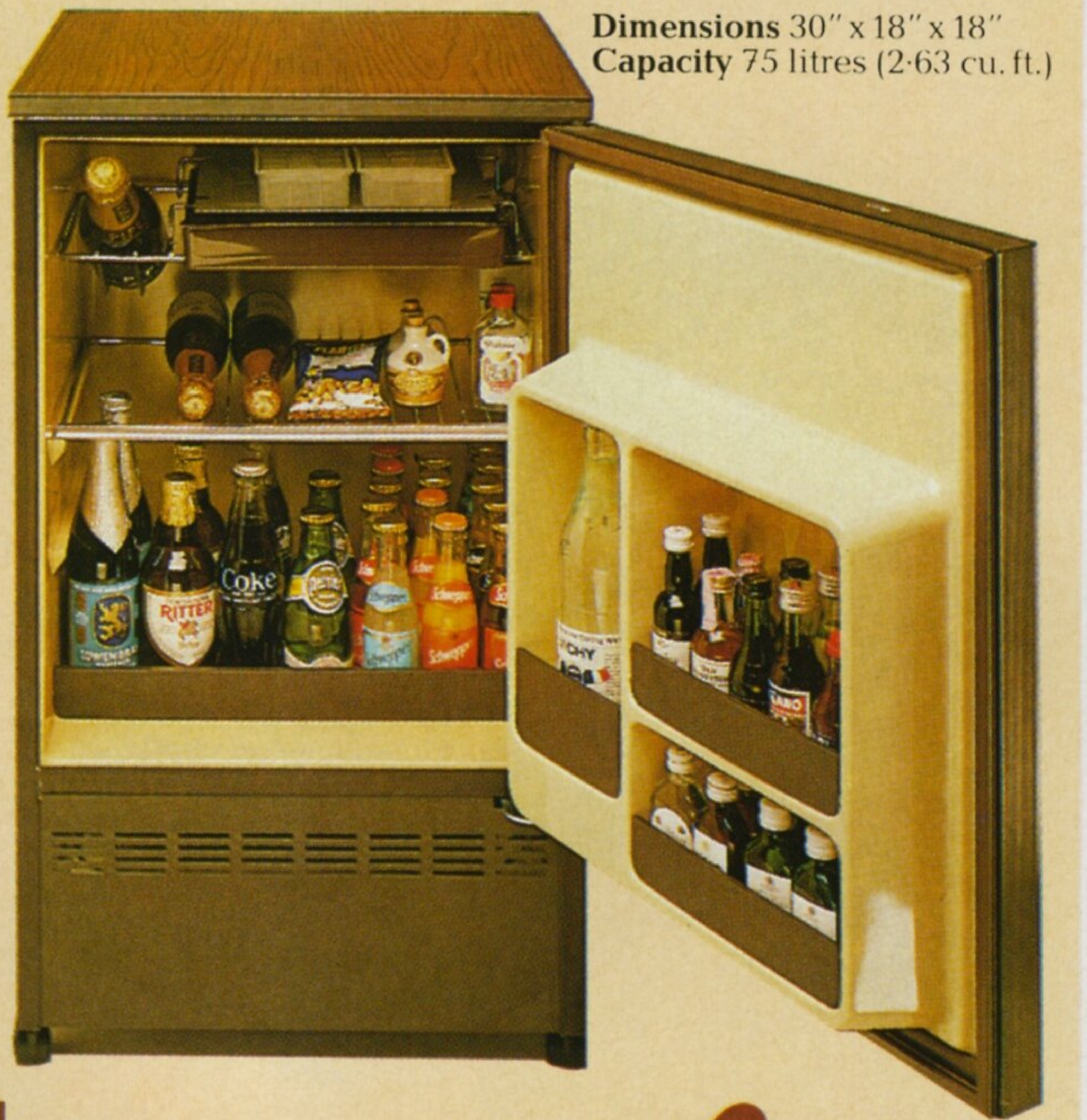
J W, London

I agree with all your readers who enjoy seeing ladies messing up their clothes in slapstick capers.

We see custard pies and cream cakes regularly flying on TV. In recent months Legs & Co and the Nolan Sisters have been 'pied' on *Tiswas*, and Lorraine Chase and Una Stubbs have been pelted with cream cakes on children's programmes. On *The Goodies* we see ladies wrestling in mud, fully clothed. So with all these fun and games on TV, can we please see a zany *Mayfair* muck-up in your pages.

There are many scenarios that come to mind, but ideally the

turn to page 108



The Coolhost Executive, not just another drinks cabinet, but a chic and stylish refrigerator that's purpose designed to keep everything from orange juice to champagne chilled until needed. This quiet and sophisticated unit looks equally good in your home or your office and even has a built-in ice making facility! The unit which comes with a one year warranty is priced at only £95 (plus £8.00 p & p and VAT £15.45). **Money back guarantee** – if not completely satisfied return the unit to us within 7 days and we will refund your money in full.

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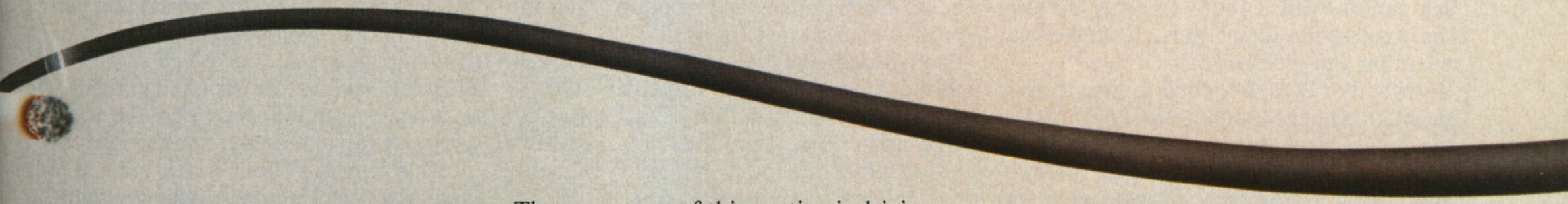
Hennessy

The Show Stopper

She stood, spreadeagled against the target, watching him toy with the deadly knives. Did he know what was on her mind, could he detect her guilty secret? Trying not to shake, she watched as the last blade flashed through the air . . .

Fiction by Alan Bayes



The monotony of this routine is driving me crazy. Night after night the same thing. I could do it blindfold. Maybe that would be a good idea – something to make the punters sit up. Christ knows how I manage to put life into it any more. It needs a bit of colour, something sensational.

What I hate most are the hundreds of thousands of bloody miles in badly-sprung vans, and motorway food. That and the broom-cupboards we're supposed to change in with the cracked and stained sinks and no water, or only a cold tap that works, cobwebby broken windows and draughts.

It can't get any better. We've gone as far as we can. First-half closing act and stag show speciality. One day Linda will have to make way for somebody younger and then a few years after that, when I can't trust my hand and eyes any more, I'll have to call it a day altogether.

He's here again. The manager. That's every night this week, in or near the front row. What's he getting out of it? He shows no emotion of any kind that I can see. Excitement, lust, fear – none of them. He looks the way I feel: maybe we're the same. So what's the point of going on?

* * *

There's no getting away from it, he's pretty good. The heavy knives thud into the target, pinning Linda's dress so that it's drawn tight as a succulent grape's skin across her body. The fastenings down the front are made in such a way that when the cloth is thoroughly tagged to the board, all she has to do is thrust forward and they jump open, allowing her with a wriggle to step out of the dress, which remains hanging on the target like a limp chrysalis. The rest of her costume takes no account

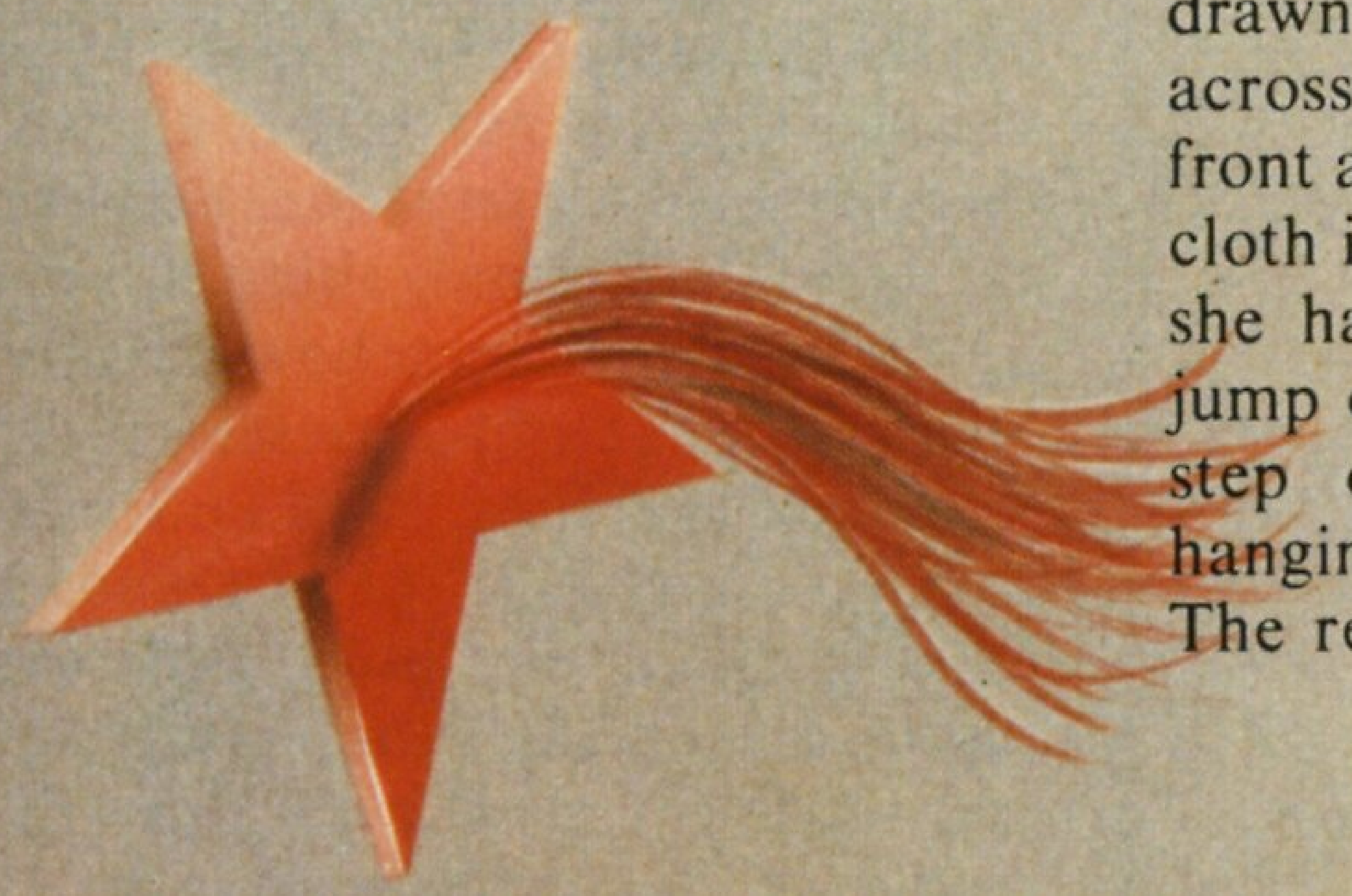


ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

of the Scandinavian theme. She wears a fringed and sequinned g-string and a jewel in her navel, bangles and heavy necklaces and a slave chain round one ankle. On each of her breasts is a tasselled star. And that's it.

The music changes now from a throbbing bass to a softer, more seductive melody and she begins to dance. Her partner moves to the rear of the stage where a mock-up forge casts a lurid glow over the scene. He puts a beast's horn to his lips and takes a stick of wood from the anvil. He plunges it into the fire and comes to the side of the stage where he lifts the burning stick to his face. Nobody is paying any attention to him but the fiery vapour he blows towards Linda accentuates for a few seconds her curves and planes and turns her skin blood red and her golden hair to ruddy copper.

She certainly has a lovely body. It's what she can do with it too – amazing the way she makes one tassel spin clockwise and the other anti-clockwise.

Everybody's eyes are glued to her. It must be tough on her husband. But if he sticks to the programme, this is where he gets back into it a little. Yes, he's picking up the whip and flexing it. She faces the audience and now he cracks it both in front of and behind her, making her recoil in fear.

She lights up a cigarette and puts it between her lips. I hope he knows what he's doing – he could really cause some harm with that thing – I don't want any damaged goods. A few exploratory passes to get the range and the line, and then he whips it from her mouth, clean as a whistle. But he's not finished with the whip yet. The drums roll a threat as he makes it spit some more and then he flicks it at her breast, plucking from it the star and tassel. A few more drum rolls, some more practice shots and then the second is gone too and she crosses her hands over herself in fake surprise and horror.

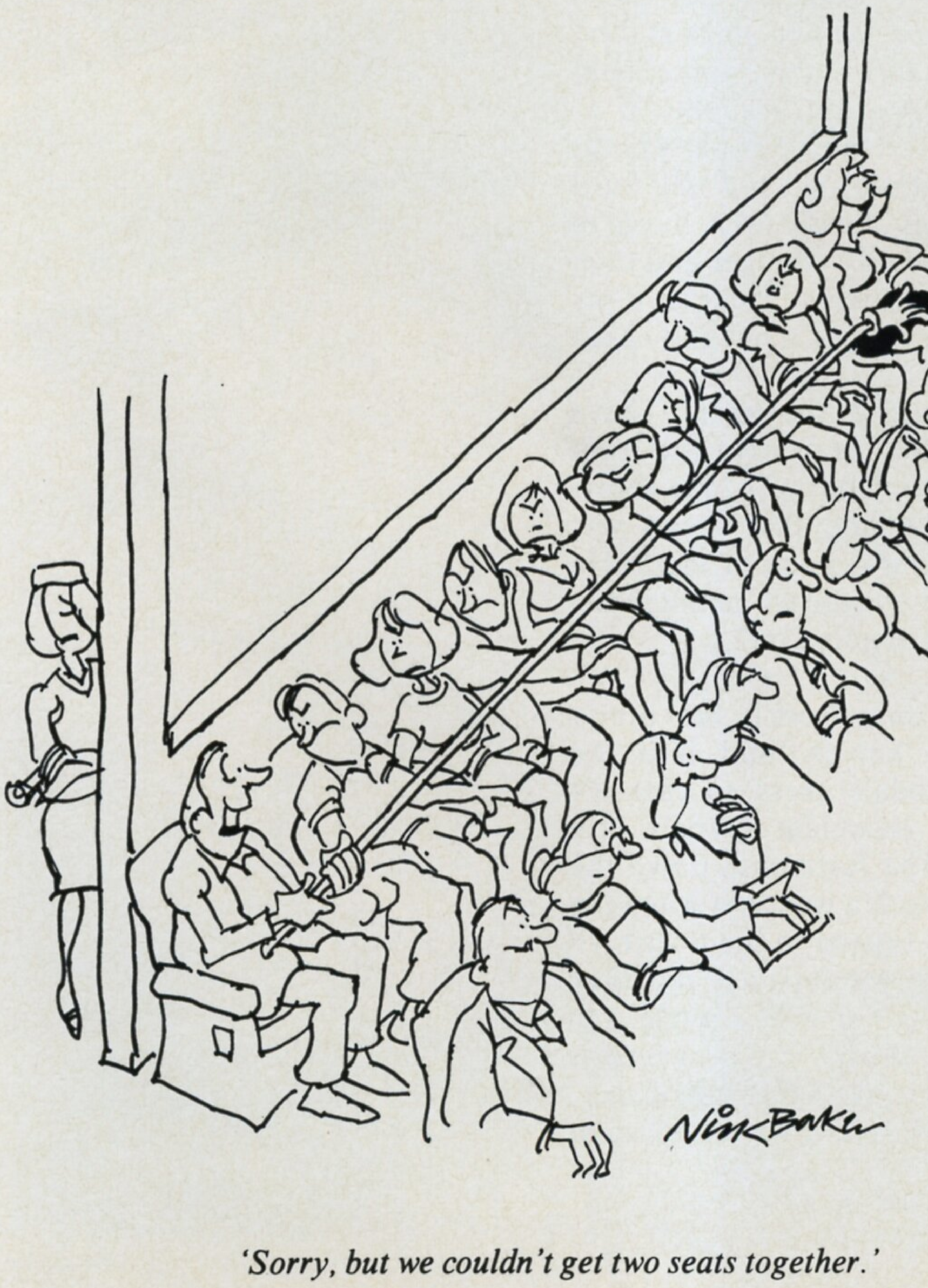
I wonder at a man willing to use his wife like this. I wonder too at his willingness to make a fool of himself. He starts the act wearing a horned helmet, which he soon throws off to show shoulder-length blond hair. He wears a beard and moustache, to cover his shame, I imagine. A leather jerkin, open to show his chest, leather trousers with criss-cross garters and furry boots complete his rig.

Before the whipping scene he throws off the jerkin so that he's naked to the waist, and as he flexes the whip his muscles move under his skin like sand rippling under the push of a heavy tide.

Erik Blood-Axe he calls himself. Erik Blood-Axe and Sigrid the Slave-Girl. I wonder how many of this lot take it straight and how many think it's a joke? He's powerfully built and it's all pretty raunchy, but all this macho-sadistic bullshit makes me wonder if he can get it up at all. Erik Bloodless, I reckon.

If he can't, he's really missing out. Linda's gorgeous and she loves to make love. She dances now, bare-breasted, as if trying to seduce her captor while he keeps throwing the whip towards her.

You can almost hear her purr when you fondle her breasts. She loves to have them kissed and her nipples teased gently with your teeth. She rolls to meet your hand as if there's been years of neglect, and she pulls your head down to her breasts so tightly that you end up struggling to breathe. And then, just when you're getting resigned to a lovely death, she takes you in her hands and rises slowly to envelop you, so hesitant it's almost as if she's never done it before and she's nervous, and it seems like you'll never be there; that's one thing the stage has done for her, I suppose: she knows how to make the most of a dramatic moment.



'Sorry, but we couldn't get two seats together.'

She moves very gently at first, but as you approach the grand finale she lunges so strongly that she nearly lifts you off the bed and she grips and rakes your backside as if you never can be too deep inside for her liking. She pants and yells and bites; she's like a big warm animal that's trying to absorb you completely, something fierce and wild that means you no harm for all its wildness.

If Erik doesn't know what he's got and how rare she is, and if he hasn't got the sense to look out for her, he deserves to lose her. I don't feel guilty about it. All's fair in love and war: something a viking ought to understand. And to think that he imagines I did him a favour by hiring them!

* * *

I wish Vic wouldn't come. Once would have been all right, but every night. . . . Eric might be suspicious. He's not stupid. It's OK for Vic, he's not up here being used as a target. I know better than anybody what those knives and hatchets can do. If he pretended to slip, how could anybody prove it wasn't an accident? Not that I'd be around to care anyway. I don't think he suspects anything, but you never know. Thank God this is the last time. I hope to God Vic's got the tickets and everything.

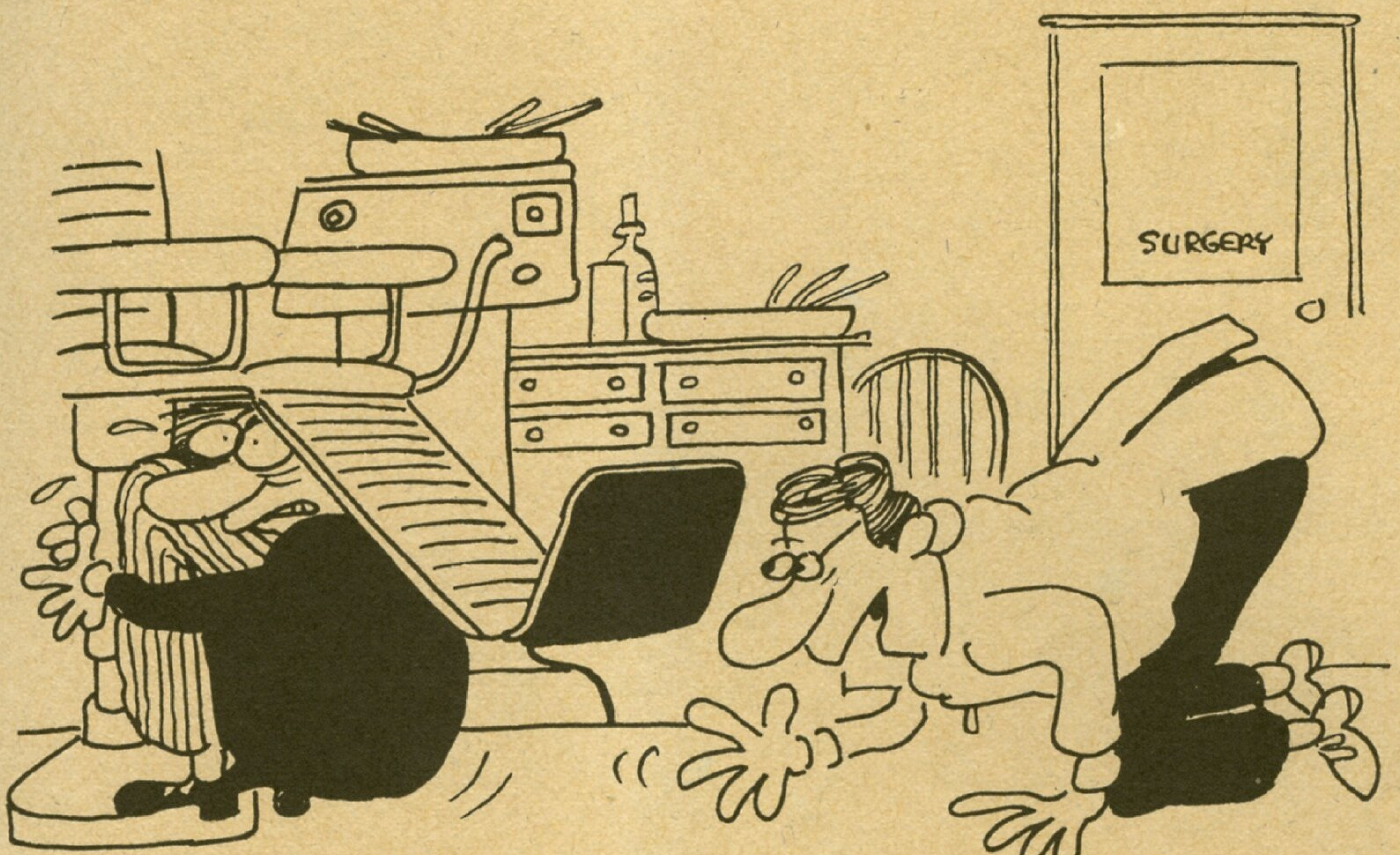
There used to be some fun in it once. I got a kick out of seeing the audience gawk at me, but not any more. I've come to despise them; and myself, I suppose, if I'm honest. But it needed a push from outside to get me to move. Vic. He's sick of the club scene as well, and the Inland Revenue are after him.

It's just as well. The act's had it, just like the marriage. It won't take Eric long to find a new partner. Star-struck kids are ten a penny. Star, huh! The only stars she'll see are the ones on her tits, for all Eric's talk. We've missed out and he knows it. He's a good solid pro, but this sort of routine has its limits, and I don't want to be around when it falls apart altogether. Good luck to her all the same. Whoever she might be.

Usually I'm not nervous at all, we've been through this so many times and I know how safe Eric is. The only thing is, I'm haunted by the fear that somehow he's found out. He's so jealous and possessive.

I've been watching him like a hawk to see if there's any hint that he knows. So far there's been nothing, but even that frightens me; maybe he's just hiding it well. It'd be hard anyway to know if he was really mad or just putting it on when he's

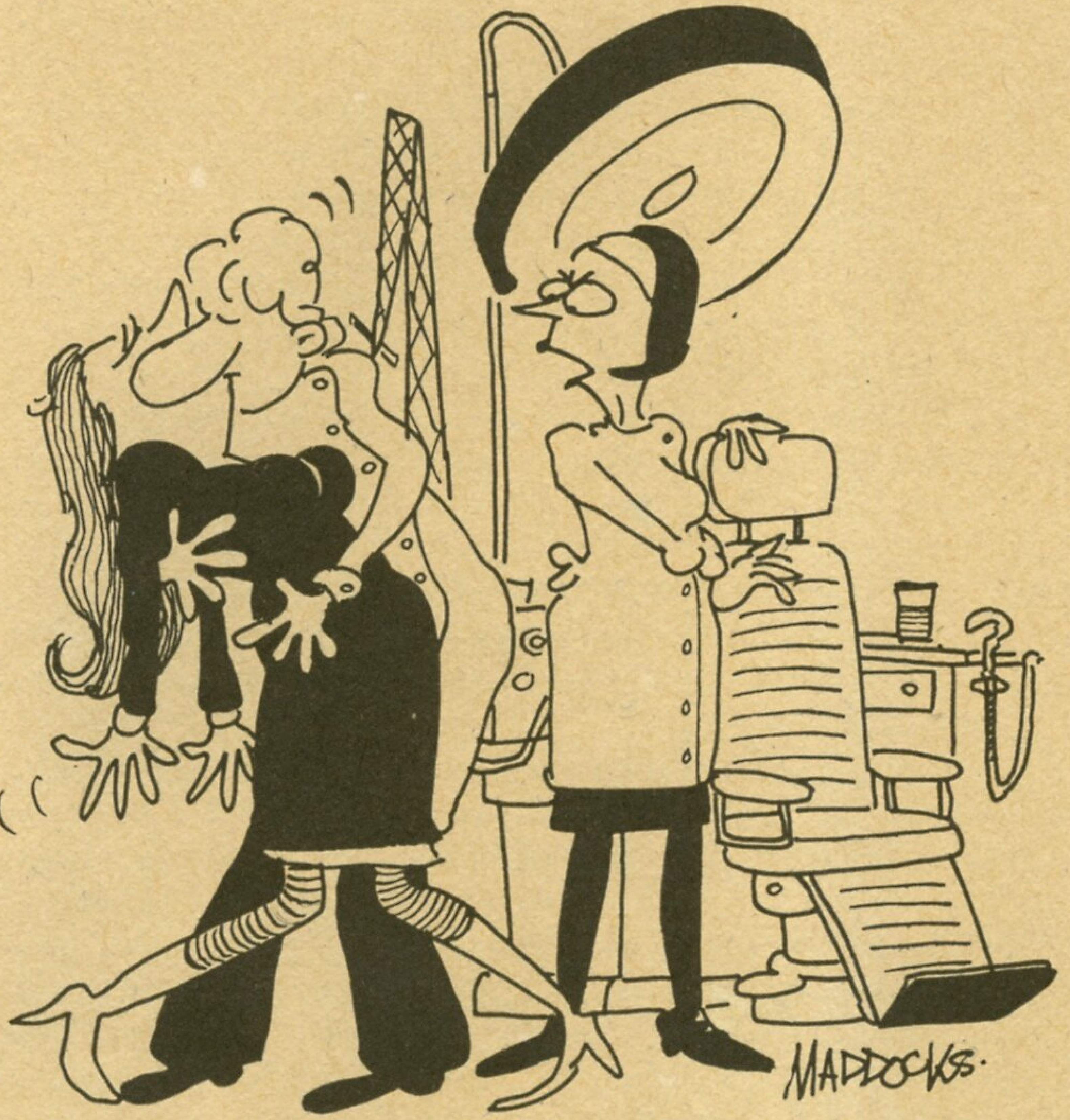
turn to page 35



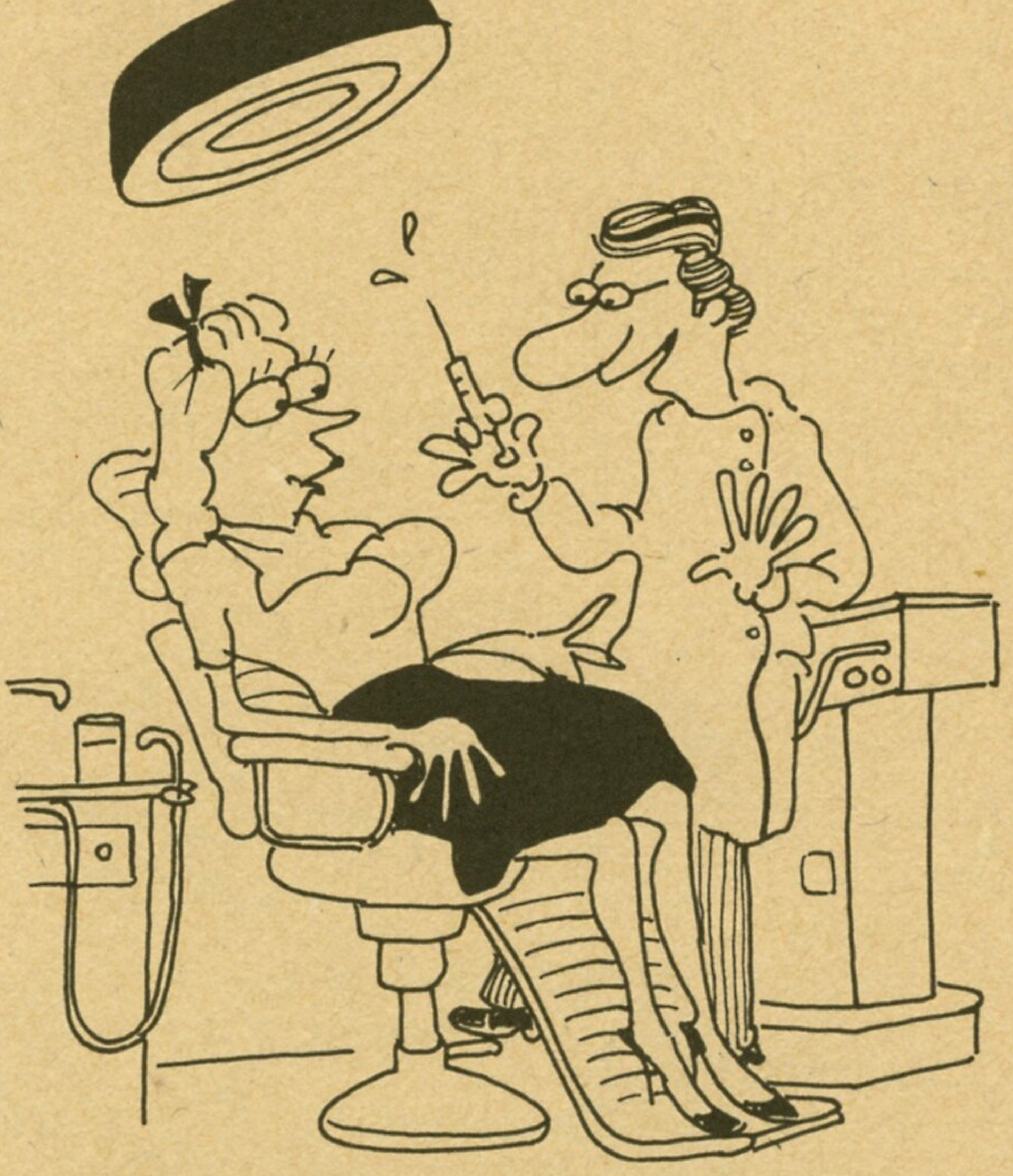
'Honestly – when I said you were my first, I meant this morning – not my very first, honestly . . .'

Dentist's drill

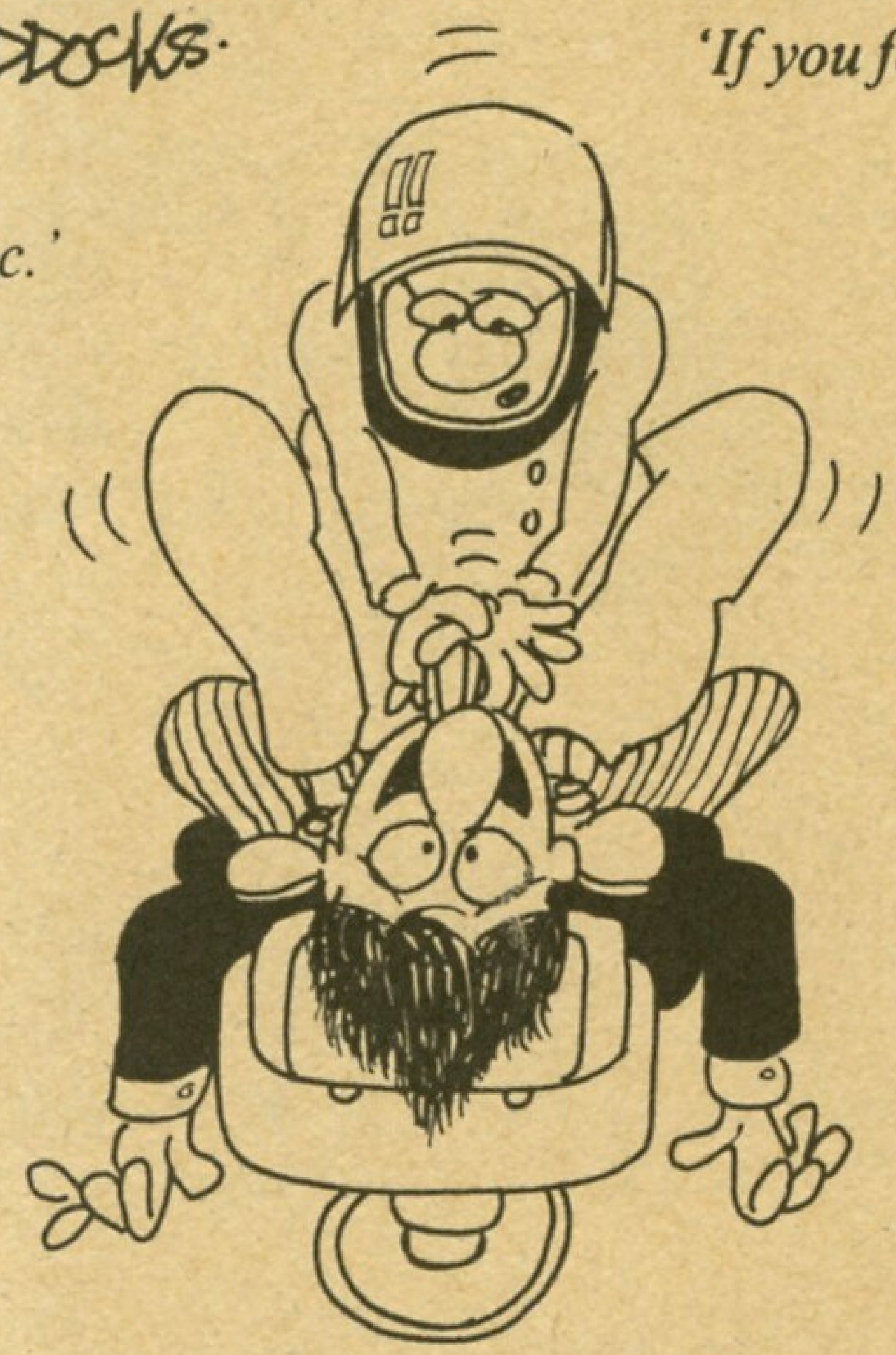
These days dentists, like doctors, are trained to soothe their patients. Peter Maddocks imagines how far they might go



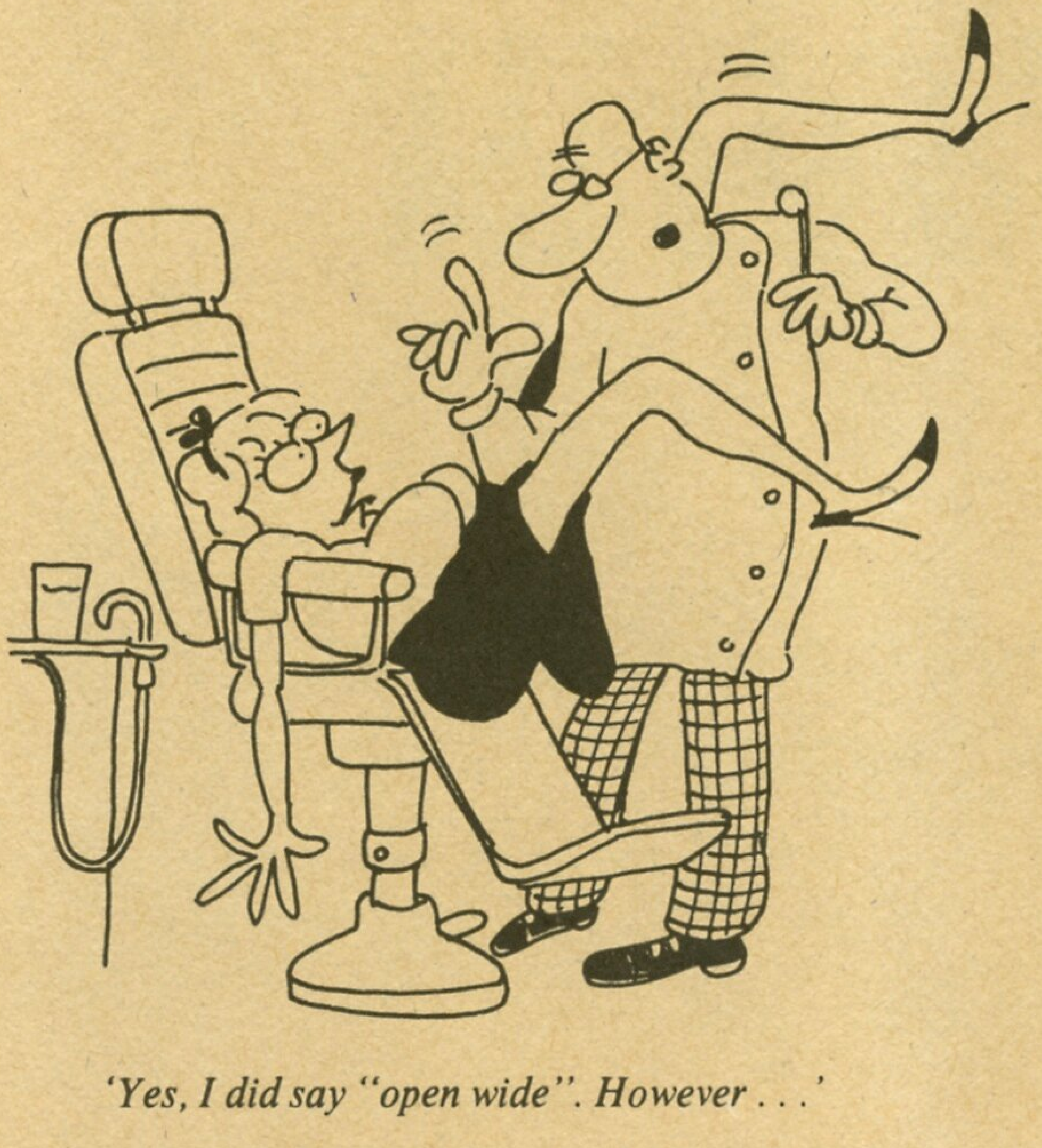
'I do wish you'd use a standard anaesthetic.'



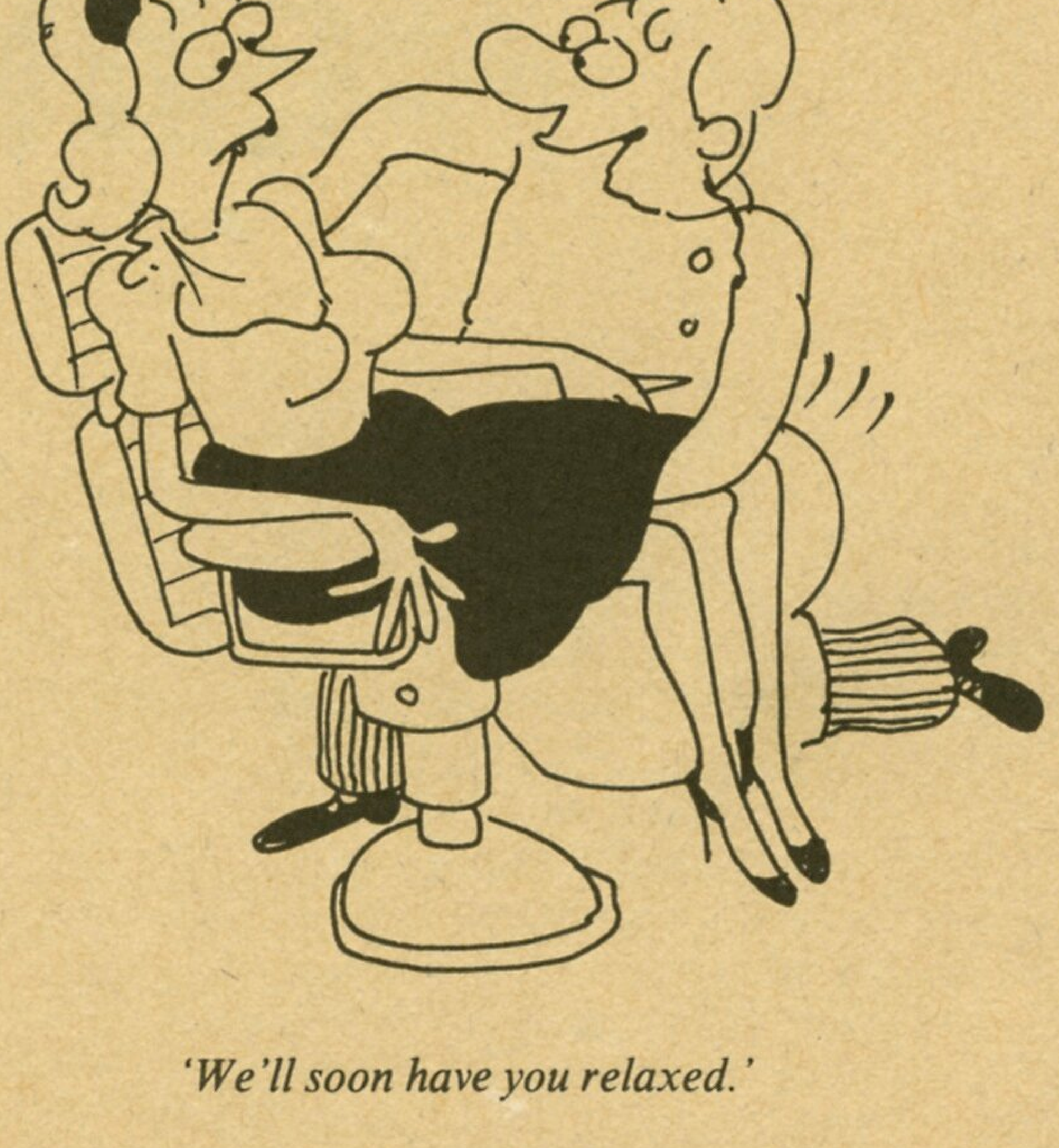
'If you feel a little prick – don't worry, it'll be me.'



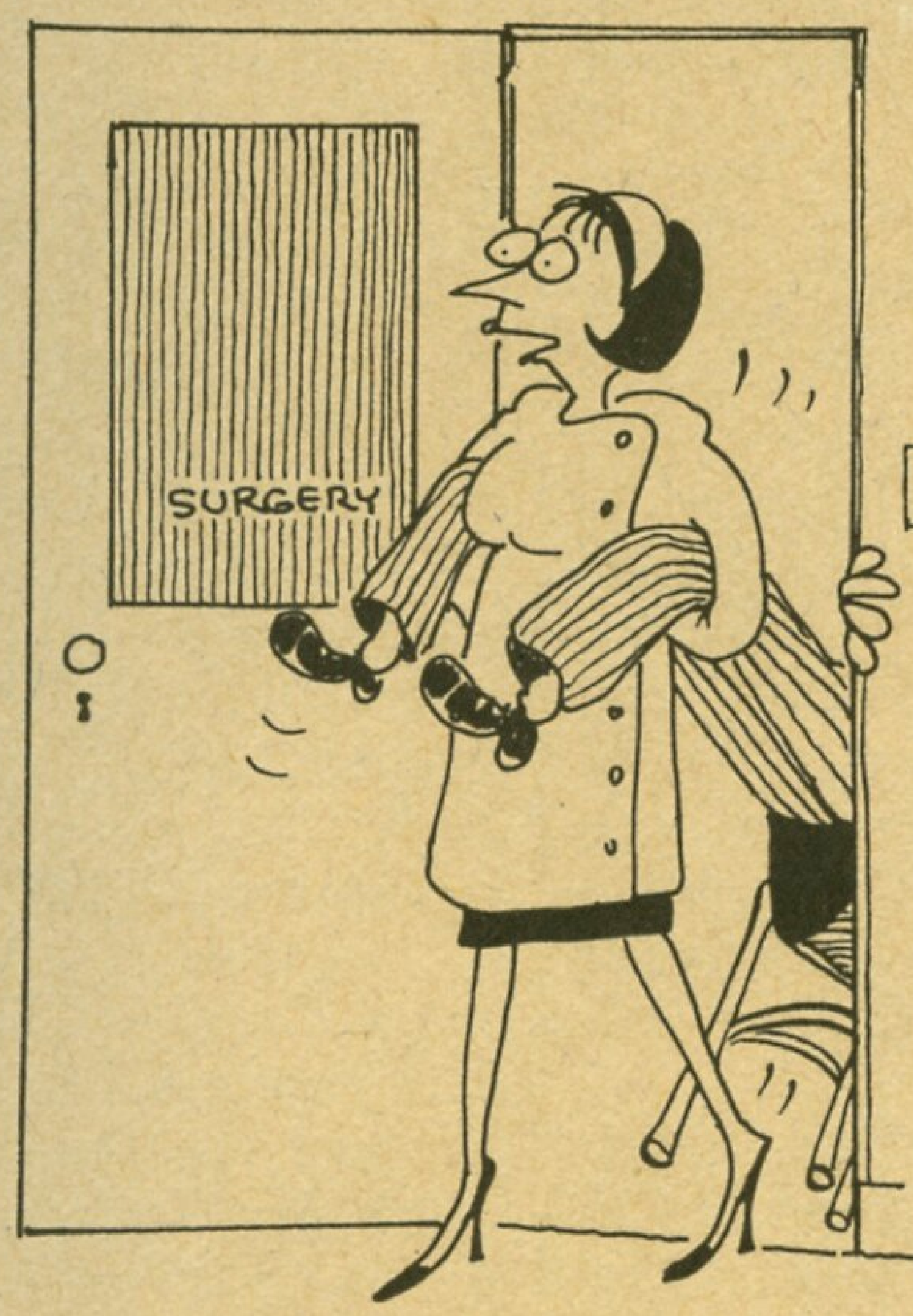
'When you see me fly backwards and hit the wall behind me you'll know it's all over.'



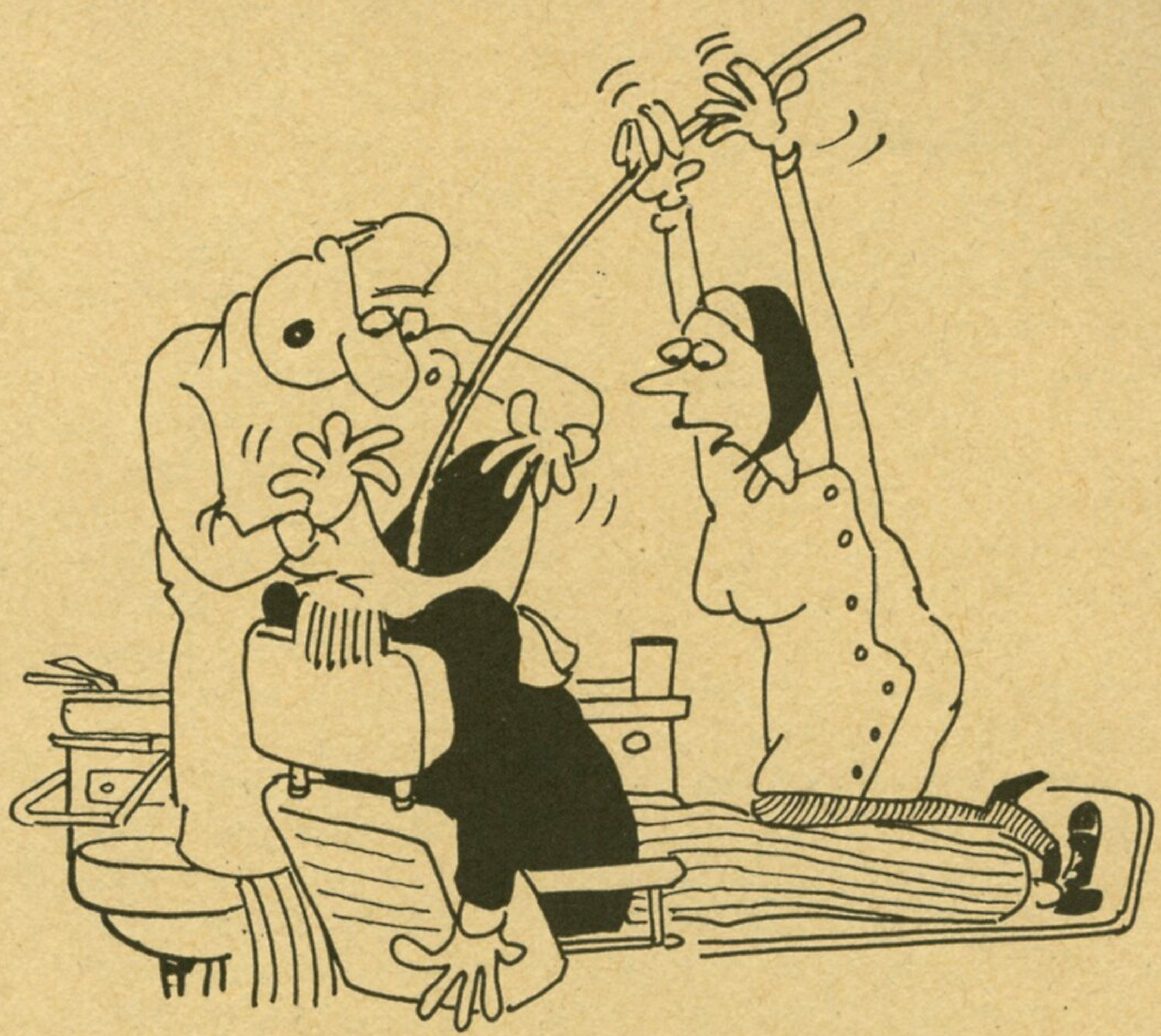
'Yes, I did say "open wide". However . . .'



'We'll soon have you relaxed.'



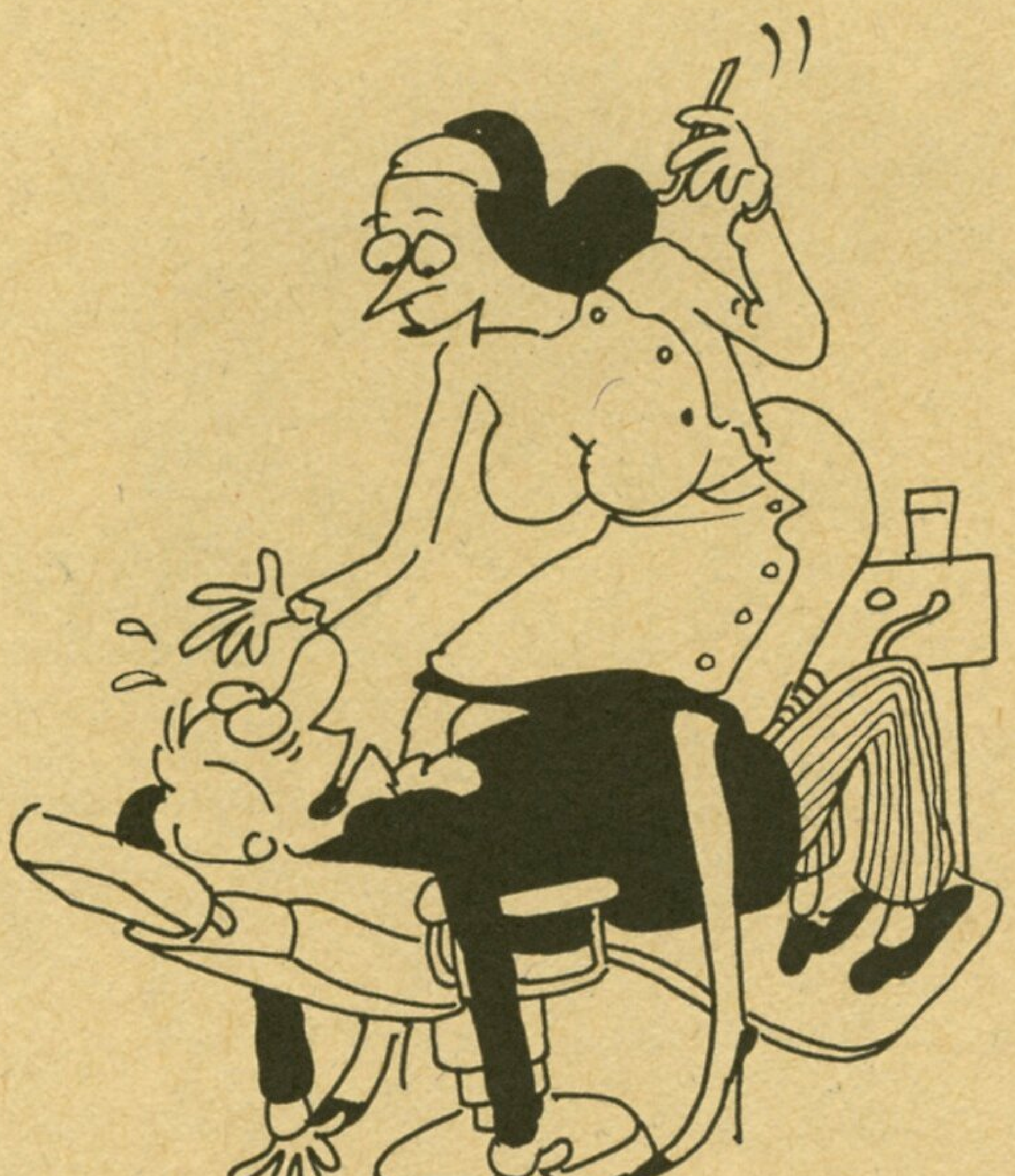
'Another nervous one, I'm afraid . . .'



'I can see the pliers . . . but not the mirror.'

'Yes – I see it. It's a wisdom tooth.'

'Are you sure you're not chewing gum?'



'Be gentle with me . . .'

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Talking Heads, the four-piece group from New York, are probably the most original and inventive band to come out of America in recent years. And with the recent appearance of the single *Once In A Lifetime* in our charts, it looks as if their popularity is spreading here, and justly so. The single is included on the album **Remain In Light** (Sire), along with seven other excellent songs. Veteran British musician and one of the founders of Roxy Music, Brian Eno, produced this album, and the resulting combination of talents makes for superb listening.

Swathed in bandages like the Invisible Man, Nash The Slash is a one-man band, playing electric violin, electric mandolin, keyboards, and other assorted electronic devices. He comes from Canada, and now his first album has been released here, **Children of the Night** (Dindisc). He plays his electronic way through a series of his own compositions along with songs by the Rolling Stones (*19th Nervous Breakdown*), Deep Purple (*Dopes on the Water*) and even a piece from Prokofiev. The album is an interesting experiment and worth listening to because it is amazing what sounds can be made by just one man. But it is a pity he chose to turn his talents to the hot rod classic *Dead Man's Curve*. Jan and Dean's original version said it all, and this new version adds nothing.

The Carpenters were one of the most popular and successful vocal groups of the '70s, and a glance at the songs included on **The Best of the Carpenters** (A&M/Reader's Digest) reveals why. This special four-album boxed set includes all their hits like *Yesterday Once More, I Won't Last A Day Without You,* and *(They Long To Be) Close To You.* The harmonies of this brother and sister group are superb, and the backings tasteful. If you like this sweet, easy listening music then this album is excellent value.

Phil Collins is one of the leading lights in Genesis, one of Britain's top bands. Other members of the group have already released their own solo albums, now he has followed suit with **Face Values** (Virgin). The twelve tracks, 11 written by Phil Collins himself, show a much simpler style than the grandiose sound of Genesis, and away from the confines of the group, Phil has had a chance to develop his own musical ideas. The hit single, *In The Air Tonight,* is included on the album which should have a much wider appeal than to Genesis fans alone.

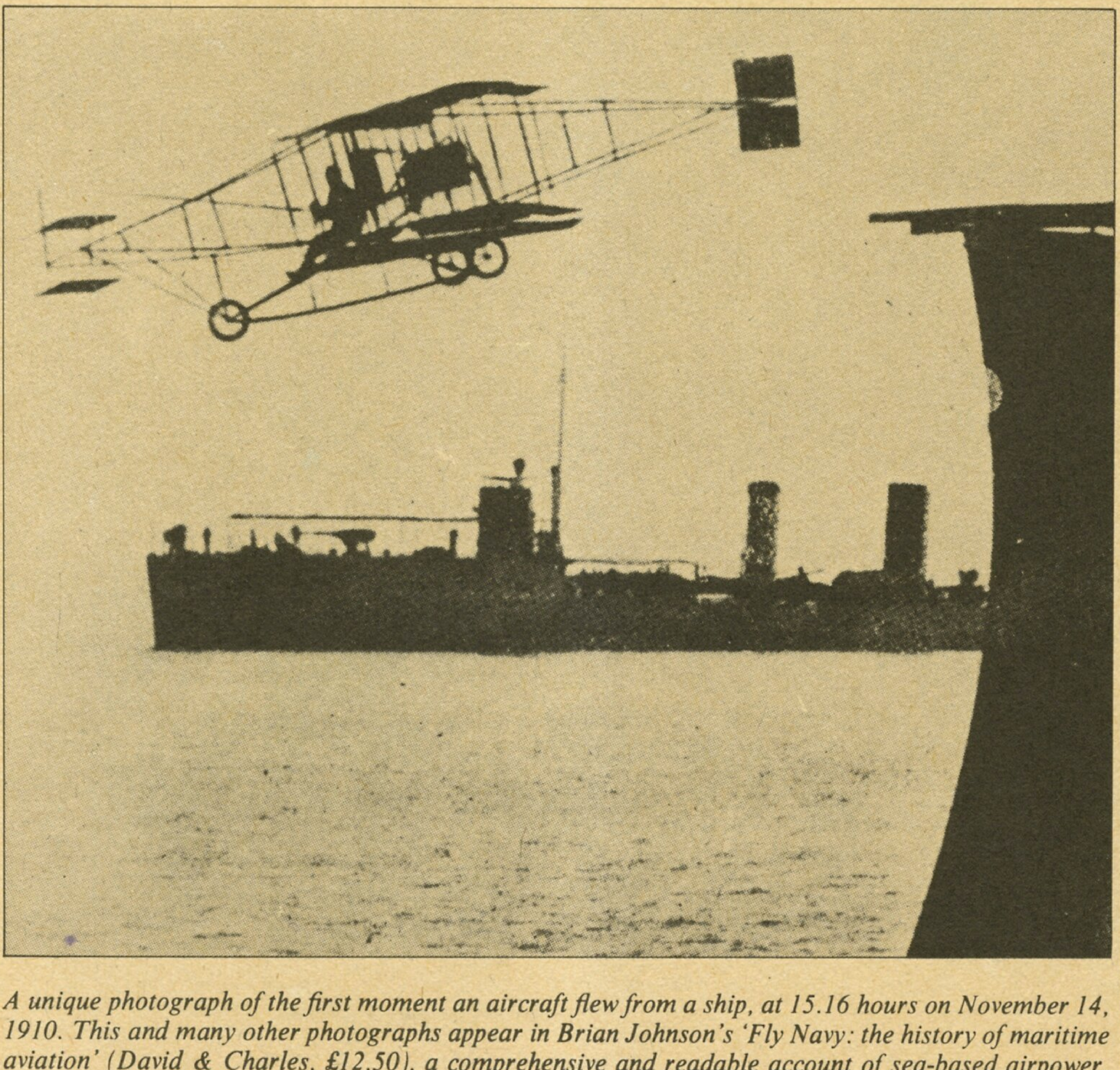
Since their formation in the early '70s, Camel have developed into a fluid musical unit based on its two constant and founder members, Andrew Latimer and Andy Ward. All of their albums have sold heavily throughout the world, and now their ninth, **Nude** (Decca) is bound to follow suit. They have assembled a fine group of musicians, including Colin Bass on bass, and sax and flute player Mel Collins who have both played with the band before, for this album which concentrates on their strong-points, fine melodies and imaginative lyrics.

In the '70s musicians were increasingly being asked to become electronics wizards as they came to terms with synthesisers and the like. Often the end results sounded dull, gimmicky and repetitive, but one band who manage to produce an exciting and varied selection of music which is mainly electronic are Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark. Their second album **Organisation** (Dindisc) is excellent and features their hit single *Enola Gay.* It also has their interpretation of that old standard *The More I See You* which demonstrates just how pleasing electronic music can be to the ear.

Mike Oldfield rose to international stardom with his multi-million selling album *Tubular Bells* But has his musical ability really advanced since then? His latest album **QE2** (Virgin) doesn't really show any sign of this, although Oldfield fans will no doubt appreciate this one-man orchestra's phenomenal multi-tracking techniques. Two tracks from the album well worth a listen are the title tune and *Wonderful Land* – the Shadows' classic given a new lease of life in the unmistakable Oldfield mould.

When *Fade to Grey* by Visage began to rocket up the British single charts DJs were hard pushed to tag an easy label onto the band's music and general appearance. So I'm not going to attempt to here, other than to say that their brand of music is very futuristic. The album **Visage** (Polydor) by Visage comes as a slight disappointment after hearing the single, which, by the way, is on the album, but the other tracks are beginning to grow, especially *Tar*.

Listening to the **Deep Purple in Concert** double album (EMI) it was surprising how well their music had stood up to the test of time. The compositions date back around a decade or more and include songs like *Mandrake Root* and that amazing number, *Child in our Time.* Despite being a recording from live concerts the sound quality and general standard of performance is excellent. A must for Deep Purple fans, this album could also have widespread appeal with others who like heavy rock.



A unique photograph of the first moment an aircraft flew from a ship, at 15.16 hours on November 14, 1910. This and many other photographs appear in Brian Johnson's 'Fly Navy: the history of maritime aviation' (David & Charles, £12.50), a comprehensive and readable account of sea-based airpower.

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡ **Raging Bull** (X), 2 hrs 9 mins. Black and white. 'Take your pants off,' orders middleweight boxing champion-to-be Jake La Motta (Robert De Niro). His new wife Vicki (blonde and beautiful Cathy Moriaty) smilingly obliges, slipping the article off beneath a figure-clinging bedroom robe, before stretching out beside her husband and planting a succession of kisses that begin at the nipples and trek steadily downwards. But, sadly for all concerned, La Motta is in training for a bout with Sugar Ray Robinson and daren't do more than tease. He escapes to the bathroom, dowsing his ardour in a jug of iced water. De Niro's impersonation of the real-life 1949 champion in this tale of his early success, his final defeat by Robinson, imprisonment on vice charges and later career as a stand-up comic, is painfully honest – even to the extent of hugely increasing his own weight to match the fighter's eventual bloated condition. When La Motta isn't cheating on his first wife to seduce the girl who will become his second – then only 15 – or throwing fits of psychotic jealousy, he's battling with animal-like ferocity in the ring – scenes shot in slow motion and such close-up that you wince at every blow. An impressive, very tough movie.

***♡♡♡ **Loulou** (X), 1 hr 45 mins. 'Oh not big-arse again,' groans oafish Romeo Loulou (Gerard Depardieu) blundering into his shared Parisian apartment late one night to find his brother energetically humping a very noisy young lady on a borrowed bed while a flatmate waits his turn nearby. Declining an invitation to join the queue, M. Depardieu hiccups drunkenly back into the night to join his new-found and very classy girlfriend Nelly (Isabelle Huppert). Once upon a time French Don Juans were smooth-talking, bedroom-eyed seducers with a champagne bucket at each elbow. Now it seems they're long-haired, leather-jacketed and extremely randy. Or such, at least, is Loulou, who after tumbling every girl in his local café picks up rich, 'nice' Nelly at a disco, beds her instantly and then prises her away from her rich, cultured boss-cum-lover. When he, understandably, can't understand Loulou's attraction, Nelly says simply: 'He never stops.' Though Nelly and the unfortunately named Loulou spend little time with their clothes on, this is less Frogs' porn than a rambling but grittily realistic portrait of backstreet Paris.

♡♡ **Gregory's Girl (A), 1 hr 37 mins. When 16-year-old Gregory (Glasgow Youth Theatre player, Gordon John Sinclair) isn't ogling topless nurses through a back window of the local nurses' home, he's dreaming of scoring endless goals for his school team – which makes it doubly galling when he finds himself replaced by a talented and attractive blonde (Dee Hepburn). His response is to fall blissfully and unsuccessfully in love with her. A wry, undemanding comedy with a welcome view of teenage romantic agonies.

♡ **Loophole (A), 1 hr 45 mins. The City of London's sewers – some large enough to drive a double-decker bus through – provide the setting for this workmanlike criminal caper. Taciturn professional cracksman Albert Finney and architect Martin Sheen – his business a victim of recession – burrow into the world's largest bank vault from below. Packed with so many practical details it's virtually a DIY guide to bank robbery, but there's a steady, excitement.

♡♡♡ **Sex Slaves (X), 1 hr 12 mins. Dubbed. After touching herself up in the shower, statuesque blonde heroine Julia nudely straddles her seated husband, amply displaying a pair of the most perfectly rounded buttocks currently on screen, before being enthusiastically swived on the floor. Add to that an extended and naked lesbian romp on the beach and a very muddled plot assumes even less importance than it did to start with. A treat for blonde and buttock buffs.

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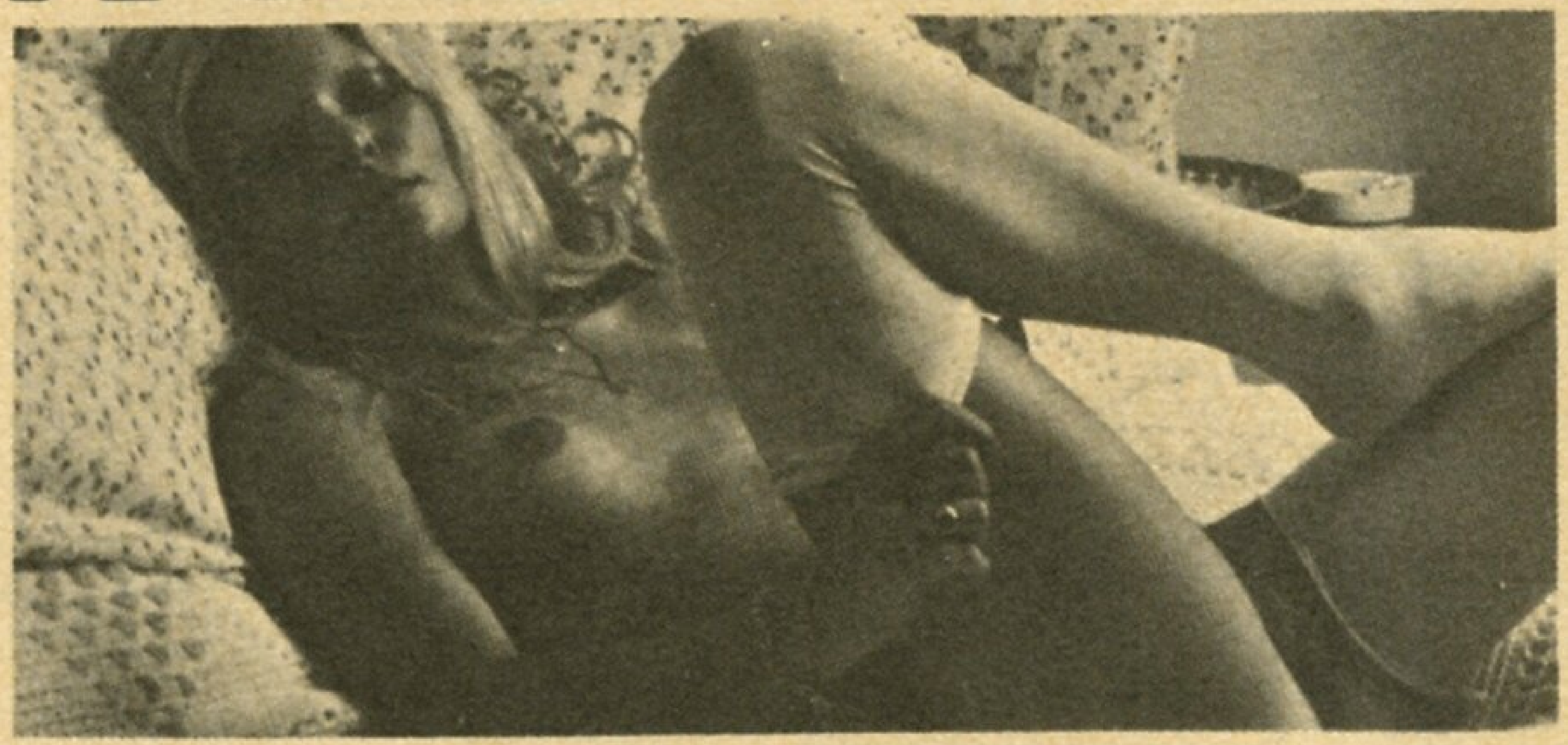

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

West Sussex, where the South Downs sweep down to the sea, hiding clusters of picturesque villages and hamlets – all positively reeking of history – in its folds is one of Britain's choicest spots, whether you're looking for a Sunday joyride, a weekend break or, like me, some of this sceptred isle's most flavoursome cuisine. I made my start at the **Old Forge** in Church Street, Storrington (Tel: Storrington 3402), a near perfect example of one of those Downs-nestled hamlets. Recently opened by top class Rugby Union referee George Walker and his Swiss-born wife, Marianne, this pleasing establishment fits the historical bill as well, being housed in a building that dates back to the days of the Roundheads and Cavaliers. The decor, aglow with beam and pewter and cosy little nooks, takes full advantage of this, accommodating a maximum of 23 diners in a two-room layout. The ambience is right since the Walkers have bothered to do their groundwork properly. Marianne does the cooking herself and if I have a criticism of the menu it is that it is too cheap, which might have a tendency to undersell the place. I would expect to pay more than £1.30 for avocado with crabmeat and 85p for smoked mackerel. Madam noticed the duck. It was crisp and thoroughly succulent (£5.30). Although my *Wiener Schnitzel* was not as tasty as I would expect (£4.50), the *Coq au Vin* in Cognac (£3.90) drew beams of approval from other friends dining at the next table. The house special – the *Fondue Bourguignonne* for two at £12 – is highly recommended, as are Marianne's 70p *Apfekuchen*. Wines? OK. Perhaps a mite tentative at the moment, until Mr Walker finds his true market. House French imported *Charbonnier* is £4/£2.10 a demi, *Chateauneuf du Pape* is £6.30, a *Sancerre* '78, £8.75, but the main part of the list is retailed at under £5, the Hocks, Moselles and Italian wines. The Walkers are already doing good business, and deserve to succeed.

Another beautiful spot to dine is the **George and Dragon Inn** at Burpham near Arundel (Tel: Arundel 883131). Formerly the haunt of smugglers, this 300 years old inn was modernised in 1976 and has a small 36-seat restaurant offering a wide range of local seafoods during the summer and local game during the winter, plus a small but comprehensive menu. I found the roast local duckling with apple sauce delicious at £5.35 while my better half's *veal a la creme aux champignons* was given a verdict of 'delicious.' The main course was complemented by the selection of fresh vegetables. And what better to finish off a superb meal than a selection from the comprehensive cheeseboard? The wine list is small but carries a very good selection ranging from £4.45 for a litre carafe of the house red, white or rosé to a vintage *Corton, Bonneau du Martray* at £15.80. The menu is *a la carte* only in the evenings, but at lunchtimes they offer three courses for around £3.75, with a choice of four or five main courses as well as a daily speciality. This year they have been enrolled as a member of the *Relais Routiers Great Britain*, and for the second successive year the *George and Dragon* is included in the *Egon Ronay Pub Guide*.

A final word to do with Worthing and its long promenade, stretching a mile and a half from the yacht club to Splash Point at its eastern end. Well worth a visit here is the white-fronted, elegant **Eardley Hotel** (0903-34444) by the Point, with its recently introduced £3.75 carvey menu (Dessert is 75p extra), which is in addition to the normal a la carte restaurant facilities.

Under the progressive management of South of France-trained John Stoy, the hotel has attracted not only a great amount of local business but also visitors from London for their attractive £32 weekend breaks. The package includes two nights, three meals over two days and VAT.

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YOLANDA

Mrs Lancaster's lucky number is 25. That's why, whenever she can, she does things in 25s. And that's why one of her daughters is called Yolanda and the other Yanez – 'Y' is the twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet. Mrs Lancaster is no fool because both Yolanda and Yanez are extremely beautiful, they have superb figures and both are proud to share them with you. Nineteen-year-old Yolanda is first to appear, and Yanez will follow very soon in a forthcoming issue. 'We tossed a coin to see who would model first,' explained Yolanda in her thick mid-West drawl. 'And I won – perhaps it was because I used a 25-cent quarter.' After a prolonged stay in Europe on the VW microbus trail, Yolanda and her sister returned to North America to continue their studies – Yolanda to be a lawyer, and Yanez hopes to be an economist.

'I loved Europe,' said Yolanda, 'especially London – even though it did rain most of the time we were there. We also saw Paris, Vienna, Munich, Zurich, Madrid, Milan and Naples. Then we went to Greece and after seeing the Acropolis we bummed around the islands for six weeks. They're beautiful. I got the most incredible tan ever – even on my boobs. There're not many places in the States you can do that.'

Speaking of Yolanda's breasts, they're a pert 35 inches, superbly complementing her 23-inch waist and 35-inch hips. How does she manage to stay so trim? 'No junk food,' says Yolanda with conviction. 'You'll never see me stuffing a burger into my face or sucking a chemical shake – note they never use the word "milk". Eat wholemeal foods, fresh vegetables and plenty of fish and fowl – steer clear of red meats. And then I exercise a lot with rowing and swimming. They're the best two exercises you can do because they exert virtually every muscle in the body. I also like to roller skate a lot, but mainly for pleasure. I thought in the States we were pretty well ahead of the rest of the world in skates, but when we were in France the kids there had a really neat trick. You know those bikes with the little engines on the handlebars? Well, the kids would take the front off one of these bikes and use it to drag them along. That's how I nearly broke my leg. But Yanez will tell all about that.'

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The Show Stopper

continued from page 18

doing the viking bit. He really gets into it – sometimes I think he cares more about the act than he does about me.

One thing's for sure, I'm dreading the climax. I can't wait for it to be over. I'll give him the slip while he's changing and Vic and me will be off. Palomos, here we come! For a few months at least: till it all cools down. New names, new identities. We'll take a little bar out there, or somewhere on the Continent perhaps. Some place where they don't get many Brits. Strictly local clientele. And definitely no show people.

I'd like to spin out the dance till the close, but I can't. Must act normal, as if it's just any old night.

I sway to the back of the stage and pick up a couple of balloons from the floor and then move to the target, avoiding Vic's eyes. Why the Hell didn't he stay away! A few more wriggles, passing the balloons across myself, and then I take up the pose, spreadeagled against the target. Please God, don't let him know!

He picks up the knives and weighs one experimentally, tossing it in the air and catching it. Then he tosses it again, catches and flips it, all in one motion, and it beds deep in the target under my armpit. Then another and another and one close in to my waist, then more following the line of my hip and leg, right down to the ankle.

I mustn't shake more than normal. He'll know something's wrong. Christ, I wish it was over!

Now for the other side. God, that was close! If I leaned just a bit that way I'd feel it against my skin: cold, lethal. Not another like that, please.

The outside line's complete. Now he comes up the inner line of each leg like an inquisitive dog. At least that's it with the knives for the time being.

I stand with my arms held vertical above my head and crossed at the wrists. He flings the whip at me, so close I feel the rush of air it makes. When the whip cracks near me my skin trembles of its own accord like a horse's flank when it's bothered by flies. It snakes towards me like a tongue – a savage caress – seemingly licking all over my body. He's never hurt me deliberately, either in the act or any other time, but tonight I'm scared.

My g-string is held by a bow on the hip. Eric makes the whip sing and it stretches greedily for the bow, unravelling it effortlessly and throwing my costume high in the air like an injured bird, leaving me absolutely naked.

To be fair, Eric didn't introduce this part. It was dreamed up by a club manager as a condition of our working at his place; we were broke at the time and desperate, so . . . but I still don't like it. We don't do it everywhere – sometimes we've done shows for kids and then I get to keep all my clothes on! But it's what gets us most of our bookings. I had a word with Vic about it. He said that if it was up to him we could cut it from the show, but it's what we're known for on the circuit and without it, that glassy-eyed mob would want their money back.

I've more or less got used to the nudity and usually it doesn't bother me as I still feel clothed in my head, but tonight I feel stripped bare, inside and out. It's as if everybody can see right through me; the price of having a guilty secret, I suppose, and the whip seems like a flickering accusation. For once I feel embarrassed and ashamed: so exposed.

And now for the touch of humour, that manager's master-stroke – the red-handled axe at the top of the inverted vee formed by my legs.

It really shudders as it hits and a coarse belly-laugh goes up. Bastards! It's specially shaped and to them out there it looks like a great red penis angling up between my thighs. Well, make the most of it, you lousy little shits, you won't see this again. Not with me anyway.

Now I have to grind my hips, to the extent that the blades on either side will let me, so as to make it look as if I'm trying to force the thing deeper inside me. Eric doesn't like this bit any more than I do but we're stuck with it. As much as anything, it's what our modest fame rests on.

It's easier for me if I close my eyes, and it looks more convincing that way. I think about making love to Vic. We only met a couple of weeks ago but something just – I don't know. I've never felt this way about anybody and I have no choice but to go. I don't mean to hurt Eric – he'll get over it anyway. Showbiz is his first love.

Ah well, it's so long to that, forever. Just the knives. Two of them. I bring my arms down and hold them out to the sides as if flagging a semaphore message. In my right hand a green balloon. Eric takes aim with a great deal of care and deliberation. I wonder if any of them have really thought about what that would do if it hit the arteries in my wrist?

The knife turns to flame as it flies through the air, and I almost cry out in relief as the balloon explodes.

Only the pink one left. Slowly I raise my left arm in an arc, bringing the balloon to rest on top of my head. This is Eric's William Tell bit. His big closer.

I bring my right arm up too, holding the balloon in place with the tips of the fingers of both hands. It's quite a small target with little margin for error. The punters go for this pose; the helpless chick with tight heaving boobs. Well, there's nothing put on about my tension tonight.

Eric hefts the last knife, staring grim and awful into my face. His eyes are hard and pitiless. This is no act, I'm sure he knows!

I want to step away from the target, but I can't move. Even the smile on my face is stuck in place, I can't even scream. His arm moves back and forth, swinging the knife, and he takes aim right on my heart. He always does this for dramatic effect, but I'm terrified that tonight he'll let it go.

Now he steps away from his throwing position and goes through the motions of stropping the blade on a piece of leather. It's all part of the act: he always does it. And I try to calm myself. Must stop being silly. It's OK. Everything's normal.

He comes back to his mark and takes aim again. His eyes fix on me and I try not to flinch. The arm goes back and – he twists his body and arm away from me and faces the audience, eyes skewering Vic in the front row.

Time freezes . . . I might not exist . . . I see it before it happens and I want to warn him but the scream won't come. . . . Arm slams down – incredible force – like a jumping fish the blade glistens . . . leaping over the footlights . . . Oh Vic! . . . Vic!

JOHN STILES

'It will never catch on.'

From its origins in the 16th Century to the bloody battles of the Second World War, the bayonet has come to represent the glamour and the gallantry of hand to hand combat, and has turned certain defeat to gory victory

Hot blood, cold steel

By Edwyn Gray

Corporal Jones was fond of reminding an impatient Captain Mainwaring at inconsequential and inconvenient moments that: 'They don't like it up 'em, sir. They definitely do not like it,' *they* being the enemy and *it* being the detachable cold steel blade that formed the sharp end of the rifle. And as the scriptwriters of *Dad's Army* correctly perceived the bayonet was, by the time of World War Two, an anachronism and a standing joke in military circles. But for all the ribald comments it had in its time been an important and fearsome weapon of war which had on occasion turned the tide of battles.

The derrin'-do writers of boys' fiction in the late Victorian period saw poetic glamour in the bayonet and adopted it to symbolise the gallantry of the British soldier defending Queen and Empire. The serried ranks of gleaming steel advancing steadily upon the enemy and driving all before them became a regular feature of boys' magazines and artists earned fat fees

'Forward Forty-Second'. A dramatic portrayal of the Black Watch's bayonet charge at the Alma in September 1854, during the Crimean War.

for depicting scenes of heroic redcoats forcing the enemy back at the point of their bayonets. The reality, as those same schoolboys were to discover when they went to war themselves in 1914, was unglamorous in its execution and sickeningly brutal in its conception. One example of this reality is sufficient.

When the German High Command launched the first poison gas attack on Thursday April 24 1915 during the second battle of Ypres the Canadian Brigade saved the shattered Allied line by a bayonet counter-attack as darkness fell. This was war very far removed from the glories of the Victorian story writers as this young Canadian soldier recalled:

'It was well understood by all that we were for bayonet work and there would be no artillery support for our counter-attack. We deployed in long lines of half-companies, the second half of each company keeping some 30 yards in the rear of the first. It wanted but a few minutes to midnight when we got to the hollow about 300 yards from the enemy-held wood. Whispered orders were given to fix bayonets and we obeyed in a flash. Overcoats, packs, and equipment were dropped and we advanced in light order.

'Immediately the word was given to charge we rushed cheering, yelling, shouting and swearing straight for the foe. A perfect hell of fire was loosed on us from rifles and machine guns but at first the Germans fired too high and our losses were comparatively small. When we came to within 50 yards of them some of our chaps began to drop.

'Cheering and yelling all the time we jumped over the bodies of the wounded and tore on. Of the Germans with the machine guns not one escaped but those inside the wood stood up to us in dogged style and, pressing on into the trees, the struggle became a dreadful hand-to-hand conflict. We fought in clumps and batches and the living struggled over the bodies of the dead and dying. The dark storm clouds began to clear in the sky and the moon burst out. The clashing bayonets flashed like quicksilver and faces were lit as if by limelight. Sweeping on we came upon the lines of trenches. Here all that yielded were given quarter and sent to the rear. Those who resisted were bayoneted.'

There was, indeed, little room for glamour or glory for the soldier in modern warfare . . .

History does not record who first invented the bayonet although it is generally accepted that it originated in the French town of Bayonne which, by the 17th century, was already famous for its iron works and cutlery trade. Some experts, however, pre-date the weapon to an even earlier era and place its origin with the European crossbowmen of the late 16th century. These bowmen carried a distinctive short sword which, so the experts claim, the archers adapted as a bayonet when they became musketeers. The weapon was certainly in use by 1642 for a contemporary memoir refers to 'bayonettes with handles one foot long and blades as long as the handles, the ends of which were adapted for putting into the barrel of the fusils to defend themselves when attacked, after having fired.'

And defending the musketeer from attack was, of course, the prime reason for the evolution of the bayonet even though, in its subsequent development, it became a weapon of attack in its own right. The wheel-lock and matchlock gun of the period had a rate of fire, on a good day, of one shot per minute and was rarely accurate even at 30 yards. This meant that once its single lead ball had been fired the musket was totally useless as a weapon and, in the event of a counter-attack, could only serve as a club – which even to 17th century eyes was a somewhat outmoded form of battle. And so during the long hiatus of reloading and priming their guns the musketeers were completely helpless and had to be defended by pikemen who erected a sharp steel barrier in front of the gunners.

The pike itself was an outlandish and obsolete piece of weaponery and by its very nature could play only a defensive and static role in battle. Tipped with an iron spear point, it was attached to the end of an unwieldy wooden pole some 16 feet in length, and was so heavy that only the strongest men were capable of using it. Yet despite these practical disadvantages the ratio of pikemen to musketeers was 1:2 even as late as 1677.

Encumbering every two musketeers with a pikeman did not appeal to the more offensively-minded generals and, in their search for an alternative means of defending the gunners while reloading, the bayonet gradually evolved. An early contemporary reference indicates the crude nature of the original weapon: 'a knife in the form of a dagger which is placed in the muzzle of the guns.' But, primitive or not, the newly invented *bionette* fulfilled two important functions. It provided a quick and handy means of defence after the musket had been fired and, by removing the need for the cumbersome pike, it gave the gun a greater degree of battle mobility.

The British Army was issued with its first bayonets in 1662 although, with typical parsimony, the weapons had been captured from the French and not specifically manufactured for the job in England. The recipients were the men of the Tangier Regiment, a unit formed to defend the North African port of Tangiers which Charles II had received as part of his dowry on marrying Catherine of Braganza. A document dated 14 March 1662 and which is still available for inspection at the Public Records Office indicates that the newly issued weapons were not exactly brand-new: 'The French pikes and short swords or bayonettes lately received from Dunkirk be surveyed and account presented to this office of their defects . . .' There was apparently a healthy response to the request and a few days later a further order was issued requiring the faulty weapons to 'be made clean and repaired within ten days at 14 pence per piece.'

These early prototypes were designed to plug directly into the barrel of the gun and, once the bayonet was in place, the musket was no longer capable of being fired – a fault not looked upon as any great disadvantage by the majority of officers who apparently despaired of their men's ability to hit the target at even point-blank range. Even as late as 1815 when muskets were

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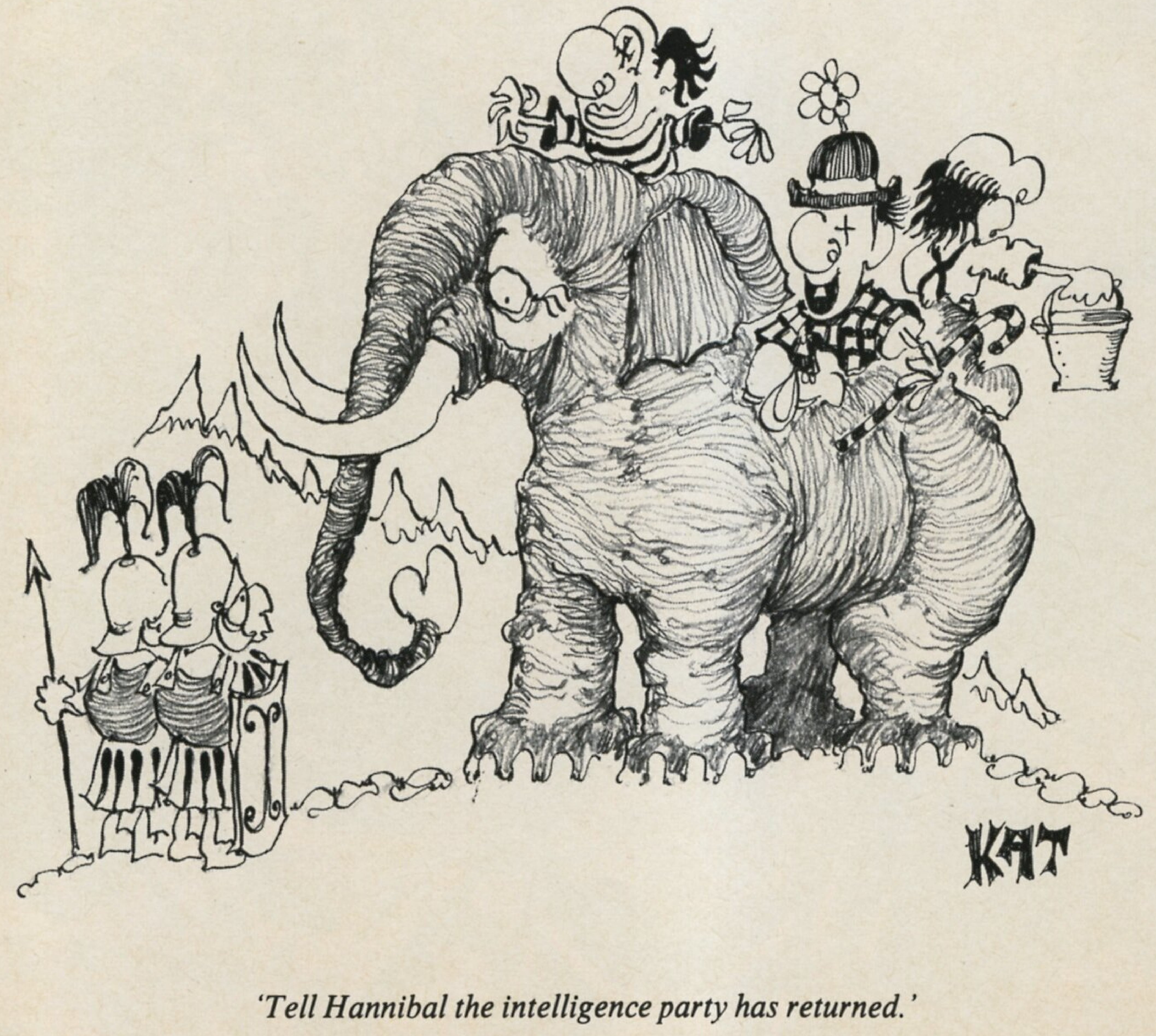

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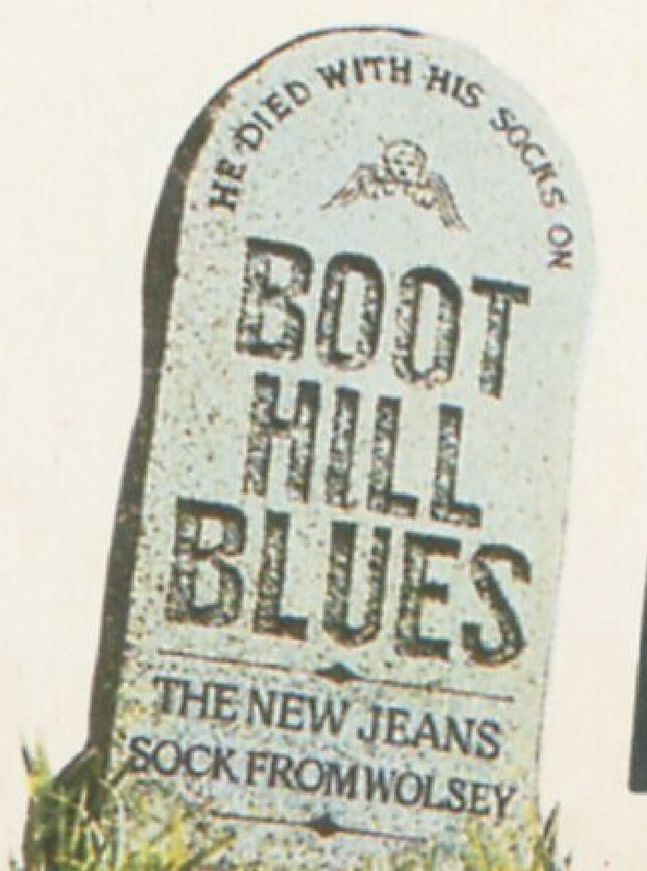
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Janet

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY JOHN ALLUM

When you happen to be the daughter of a psychiatrist you have to get used to some very peculiar reactions from your boyfriends – as 21-year-old Janet Rossiter will be only too happy to tell you. 'There's the "you must be so well-balanced with a background like that" approach,' she says.

'Then there's the fellow who wants to know if psychiatrists are really as weird as they usually are on films or television. Finally there's the man who insists on telling me some strange and lurid fantasy he's been having for years. I always tell him it's perfectly normal and he'll grow out of it!'

Coventry-born Janet giggles at the thought – she is an inveterate giggler, insisting that she giggled before she talked and sees no reason to stop now. 'I just say my family and I are all boringly normal, which we are. But at least the naughty fantasy approach is a bit more original than most. I've been told some truly amazing things in my time – and a few I've followed up. But I'm not letting out any secrets!'

Five feet six inch Janet is used to attracting attention – and not simply as a result of a trim 34–23–34 inch figure. She's often mistaken for a younger version of cinema star Ali MacGraw. 'It's happened to me half a dozen times,' she says. 'One American tourist thought I really was her and got quite annoyed when I insisted I wasn't. I wouldn't have minded but Ali turned 41 recently!'

These days Janet lives in the plush Birmingham suburb of Edgbaston where she shares a flat with a fellow – female – office worker. 'It's not really a young flat person area, but it's well placed for getting into the city.' Transport is provided by an elderly white MGB she has, confusingly, nicknamed 'Rolly', to remind her of the Rolls she hopes to replace it with one day. Meanwhile she's content to personally assist the youngest director of a large commercial firm, 'I'm not hugely ambitious,' she says, 'but I'd like to be comfortable.' A wish that may be at variance with the kind of male she prefers. 'Over thirty, experienced, a little bit ruthless, but great fun underneath. Gareth Hunt comes pretty close – and there's also my boss,' she giggles.

Hot blood, cold steel

continued from page 38

slightly more accurate there was an old military proverb, *the nearer the target, the safer you are*.

General Mercer recalled that, at the battle of Waterloo, 'I leaped my horse up the little bank and began a promenade (by no means agreeable), up and down our front, without even drawing my sword, with these French fellows within speaking distance of me. Seeing me thus they immediately made a target of me and commenced a very deliberate practice, to show us what very poor shots they were. One fellow certainly made me flinch, but it was a miss; so I shook my fist at him and called him a *coquin*. The rogue grinned and again took aim. I certainly felt rather foolish at that moment but was ashamed after so much bravado to let him see it and therefore continued my promenade. He was a terrible time about it and it seemed an age. Whenever I turned the muzzle of his infernal musket still followed me. At length bang it went and whiz came the ball close to the back of my neck and at the same instant down dropped Miller, the leading driver of one of my guns, into whose forehead the cursed missile had penetrated.'

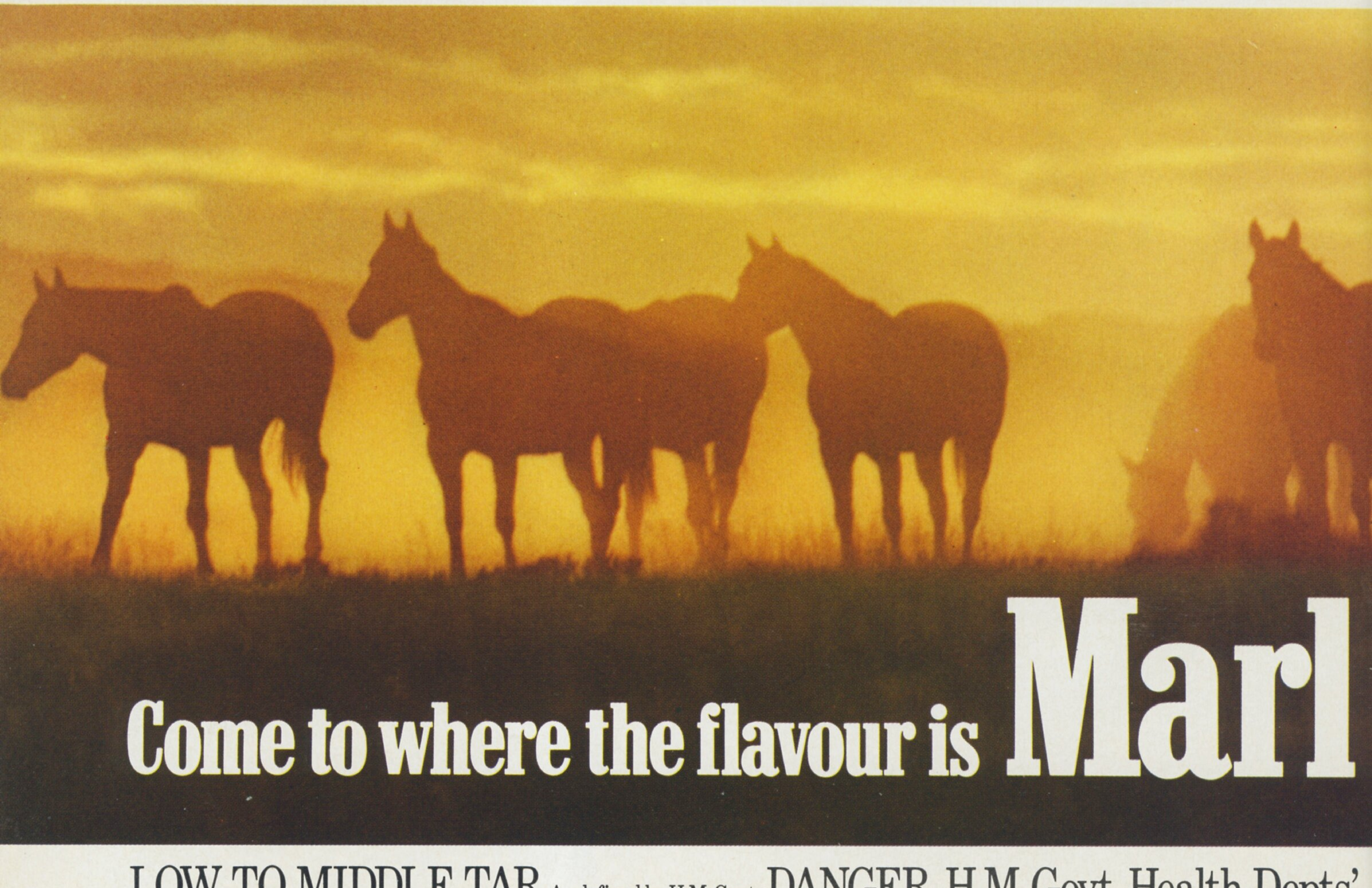
It was not surprising, in the light of similar displays both in battle and at target practice, that plugging the barrel of the musket with the wooden handle of a bayonet caused little concern to either officers or men.

Although the bayonet undoubtedly featured in the army's campaigns in Ireland and Scotland, and also at the battle of Sedgemoor, there are few recorded details of its effect on the enemy and it was not until the pike was finally abolished around 1705 that the cold steel came into its own. Its acceptance was no doubt helped by a clever but unknown Swedish gentleman who had the bright idea of fitting two rings to the barrel of the musket into which the plug handle could slide so that the gun could still be fired even when the bayonet was in place. General Mackay, however, claimed credit for the invention because, so he said, the highlanders had charged his men with such speed at the battle of Killicrankie that the English musketeers were given no time to fix their plug bayonets and defend themselves. No doubt, like most defeated generals, he was trying to find an excuse for losing.

PAGE 3 GIRL
PAGE 3 GIRL
LITTE

1.

The ring bayonet had only a short history as the fastenings proved insufficiently robust to withstand the demands



LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Govt. DANGER. H.M. Govt. Health Depts.'

WAR CRY
BOOM
WAR CRY
LITT
2.
Colin leary

of battle and before long a socket weapon was developed which fitted over the barrel by means of a hollow steel tube which also acted as the bayonet's handle. There was, of course, all the customary confusion for, at that time, colonels of regiments had to provide their troops with their own muskets and bayonets and standardisation was impossible. But finally the Board of Ordnance produced order from chaos and insisted on the adoption of a standard musket – the famous Brown Bess – and in 1722 warned that 'all Colonels who have any new arms made shall be obliged to make them according to the said pattern.'

By this time Marlborough's famous army had already been to war equipped with the bayonet and his victory at Blenheim in 1704 is accepted by historians as the first *great* battle in which the pike was replaced by the new weapon. The French certainly didn't like facing the English army's cold steel and when Marlborough's centre was attacked by the French centre under Marsin (in which, incidentally, an Irish Brigade fought on the French side) the enemy broke and fled leaving Marlborough in possession of the field. It was a triumph repeated again and again in the campaign and by the end of the war English soldiers were acknowledged to be the toughest in Europe. It is interesting to note that, within 50 years of its introduction, the bayonet had become an offensive rather than a defensive weapon.

The bayonet flourished during the Napoleonic wars when both the English and the French exploited the psychological terror of cold steel to the full. During the famous retreat to Corunna, for instance, bayonet attacks saved the day on more than one occasion. Beaten back by overwhelming numbers, savaged by the weather, and completely demoralised, the British troops broke into wine vaults, plundered villages, and raped and pillaged the Portuguese countryside like a horde of ravening wolves. When they finally reached the coast the retreat was over and they found themselves literally with their backs to the sea. All their stores and magazines had been destroyed, their horses killed, and only nine six-pounder field guns remained to support the infantry. Fifteen thousand Englishmen faced Soult's victorious army of 20,000 campaign-seasoned soldiers but 'with all their unquestionable indiscipline and insubordination on the march, those who were left had not lost their fighting spirit.' Faced with capitu-

turn to page 82

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YOUR PLANET OR MINE?

Humour by John Mendelssohn

'We are not alone,' the adverts for *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* admonished us, and each month brings new tabloid accounts of how some lorry driver was just sitting about, minding his own business, by the edge of some swamp in the American South when all of a sudden a mob of fuchsia-fleshed aliens with antennae and damp breath forced him to board their UFO and share his moonshine whiskey with them.

Ho hum, you yawn. Because your saintly mum raised no fools, it's hardly news to you that extraterrestrials have been moving among us since before the birth of Prince Charles (mind your lip!), nor that they've established sizeable colonies not only in Belgravia and Blackpool, but in such unlikely necks of the woods as Kidderminster, Uxbridge, and Ipswich as well. Indeed, you may even be one of those who've seen fit to scrawl, 'Aliens out,' on the walls of the London underground.

What you may *not* know is that virtually all of the adventurous sods who've consorted with them concur that extraterrestrial women make extraordinarily good company between the proverbial sheets. Word has it, in fact, that when it comes to the erotic, these supremely exotic birds provide an experience that's simply out of this world.

Alien beings are not only among us but their females are giving a great deal of pleasure. Be warned and keep watching the thighs

In the '80's, then, no one whose coterie of lovers doesn't include a few aliens is going to be anybody's idea of The Modern British Stud. So heed what follows with care.

There are nearly as many different galaxies represented in modern Britain as there are sweet wrappers on the shore at Brighton on a summer Monday morning, or flaws in Mrs Thatcher's logic concerning inflation and how to beat it. In this survey, we'll concentrate on the four who've sent the birds with whom fellows like you and I have most frequently had positively spiffing good fun.

The unlikely West Country town of Yeovil is the best place to meet the characteristically curvaceous immigrants from the humid Dvba-37" galaxy. This, both astronomers and epicures of interplanetary sex concur, is singularly peculiar in view of the fact that Dvba-37"ish women are very nearly fanatical in their devotion to the Wolverhampton Wanderers football club. 'Christ, how she loved to go on and on about her bloody beloved Wolves all the time,' sighs one fellow who lived in sin with a Dvba-37"ish barmaid for some eleven months in the mid-'70's. 'But every time I said, "Right, we'll move to bloody Wolverhampton then," she'd begin to cry, and there would go another carpet, wouldn't it?' (Dvba-37''ish tear ducts produce a lye-like fluid.)

To get all of the bad news out of the way at once, Dvba-37''ish cuisine is virtually indistinguishable from that of the dread service areas that line the M1. One who contemplates a romantic entanglement with a Dvba-37''ian, then, had better have a very strong stomach for his sweetheart is likely to simply hurl everything she prepares for him into a vat of boiling grease, to which she will refer as 'dt'.

But now to the good news: epicures of interplanetary sex agree that one simply isn't a man until he's had it Dvba-37''ish. 'Until you've had one of them birds wrap her tentacles around you and murmur, "Oh, mrgbu," in your ear,' one particularly worldly man of the world told us when we asked him to rate his extraterrestrial lovers, 'you ain't got a clue as to what *real* ecstasy's all about.'

Sharp-eyed readers got a big laugh out of a recent issue, for they recognized the 'Estelle Steele' depicted in our 'Temptress of Tooting' photo spread as no mere earthling, but one of the typically smashing exports of the faraway planet of F,bgu. Known for their generously-proportioned thoraxes, F,bguian women excel at making their Earthling lovers feel like King Stud. Blokes of their own species are woefully endowed by local standards, so the sight of even the most miserable, shrunken little British willie is enough to cause them to squeal with delight in their characteristic ultrasonic way.

But these beauties do have their drawbacks. They adore flirting with the staff of takeaway kebab restaurants, forcing one intent on sustaining a romantic relationship with them to learn to inure himself to endless plaintive cries of, 'But why *can't* I bring Abdul home?' Moreover, they adore relating the entire contents of the *News of the World* to their sisters and mums back on their native orb, which makes for some rather debilitating telephone bills.

And they're quite alarmingly fertile, thanks in large part to the fact that twenty Earth minutes are equivalent to nine F,bguian months. Mind that you don't find yourself in the harrowing predicament of poor Nigel Boggs, one of the chaps interviewed on this article's behalf. Only two nights after taking a F,bguian beauty home from a local wine bar last October, the unfortunate Boggs found himself sharing his semi-detached in Hornsey with seven squealing youngsters who call him 'Dgf', the F,bguian equivalent of both our 'Dad' and 'Mum'.

The hearts of fellows who think it ripping good fun to be whacked with cats-o'-nine-tails and called miserable little vermin are apt to beat a little faster when they hear that the women of Yg@ are mostly domineering bitches. But their enthusiasm is likely to be dampened by the fact that these lovelies have an inborn dread of multiples of three and are severely allergic to vinyl, to the point of liquefying at the sight of the stuff. Who, in these inflated times, can afford to dress his dominatrix in actual leather, and a cat-o'-eight-tails just hasn't the same mystique, has it?

A mysterious breed, Yg@ian vixens often look uncannily like Olivia Newton-John, but they are happiest when bored nearly comatose, which means that one rarely encounters them far outside the London suburb of Pinner.

Last, but certainly not least, you've got your aRfhgbb=ian. 'Smashing' is the word most bachelors polled for this survey used to describe their erotic experiences with these faintly green-complexioned temptresses, who quite fancy the stale, steamy atmosphere of the Bakerloo Line underground stations because it reminds them of their home so many light-years away.

In marked contrast to their Earthling sisters, the birds of aRfhgbb= generally favour fellows with scarcely a penny to their names. So a quite reliable way of coaxing them out of the underground is to ask, 'Fancy coming up to me squat for a look at me etchings?'

Once you've got a aRfhgbb=ian where you want her, don't be alarmed if she inserts *Lulu's Greatest Hits* in your cassette deck. On aRfhgbb=, you understand, the famous Scots songbird of the '60's is worshipped like an actual goddess. Chaps with girlfriends of this quaint species admit that it is indeed disconcerting when one's co-player at hide-the-ferret bursts into *The Boat That I Row* just as she approaches orgasm. But apparently it isn't impossible to become accustomed to. They say the trick is to bear in mind that it's all part of her religion.

We most definitely are not alone. Make the most of it, mate.

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MARILYN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

'A motorcycle is like a man – the bigger and more powerful the better the ride you get. And I like to ride fast.' This straight-talking attitude to life comes from 22-year-old Marilyn Grove who has been a motor--cycle fanatic since she got her first bike at the age of 12. 'My father and older brothers used to go scrambling and always took me along too, so it just seemed natural for me to start riding as well.'

YAMA
XS 1100

XS 1100

It might seem difficult to believe, but Marilyn is a fully-trained motorcycle mechanic and can strip down a bike before you can say Kawasaki. Whenever she is not tearing through the streets of her native Leeds you will find her firm-breasted 35–24–36 figure hidden inside a pair of overalls at the local garage. 'They wouldn't take me on full-time, but they did agree to let me train there and I do some work for them. One day I hope to qualify properly and become a professional mechanic, because when you wind a bike up to the ton or even higher it is reassuring to know that you have maintained it yourself. There is a special relationship between me and my bike – almost sexual. It is more powerful than me yet I can still control it.'

YAMAHA

When it comes to men, Marilyn is not interested unless they have a large bike and know how to ride it. In fact she met her latest boyfriend that way. 'I was in town and when I parked some guys saw me and made a few comments about women on bikes. I was so mad I challenged the biggest one to a race. It was just on the spur of the moment, but he agreed, so I couldn't back down. We met on a quiet road outside town and he thrashed me. But he was so impressed with my riding that he asked me out. But don't get the idea we're tearaways. Bikes are very safe if you know how to handle them. And as for the thrill of making love on the seat of a large bike . . .'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / MARILYN GROVE

AT BMW, LUXURY IS NOT AN ART. IT'S A SCIENCE.

By tradition, the dashboard of a luxury car used to be judged by the quality of its carpentry.

It's a tradition that we've never followed at BMW.

Not because of any bleak puritanism: indeed, we offer you as many creature comforts as anyone could sanely demand in an automobile.

We do, however, hold the view that the area of the car where man meets machine, the cockpit, is far too important just to be shaped by aesthetics.

Which is why, every item you see here in this BMW 7 Series cockpit has its position, size, shape and function guided by the laws of ergonomics.

The orange instrument illumination, for example, is no mere stylist's whim.

It's the result of a study to find the wave-length of light to which the human retina is most sensitive. So, with minimum distracting brightness, there can be maximum clarity.

For the same reason, even the digital clock is dimmed automatically as soon as the headlights are switched on.

The elimination of unnecessary distraction also explains why long rows of quivering dials have no place in a BMW.

Instead, checking sensors monitor no less than 16 functions, alerting you in good time if anything requires attention.

For example, on this BMW 7 Series you can press the electronic Check Control button before you drive off.

This then checks everything from the engine oil level to the amount of water in the screen-washer. All without taking you out of your seat.

Then once you drive off, the on-board computer, on the left of the cockpit, starts to work for you.

It can tell you how much petrol you're actually using at any particular moment. Or when, based on your average speed, you'll reach your destination.

Or how many miles you're away from your next turn off.

And whenever the temperature outside drops to 3°C, a buzzer sounds a black ice warning.

None of this, please note, is using technology in any way to replace the driver.

Instead, it uses technology, on the one hand, to liberate you from driving chores. And, on the other hand, to give you the information you need to apply your driving skills more scientifically.

All of which stems from BMW's philosophy that the driver is one of the functioning parts of the car.

And not simply a passive object to be transported from A to B.

Which is why, if your expectation of a luxury car is merely a well-upholstered extravaganza, a test drive in any of the BMW 7 Series would prove to be a very illuminating experience.

Particularly at night.

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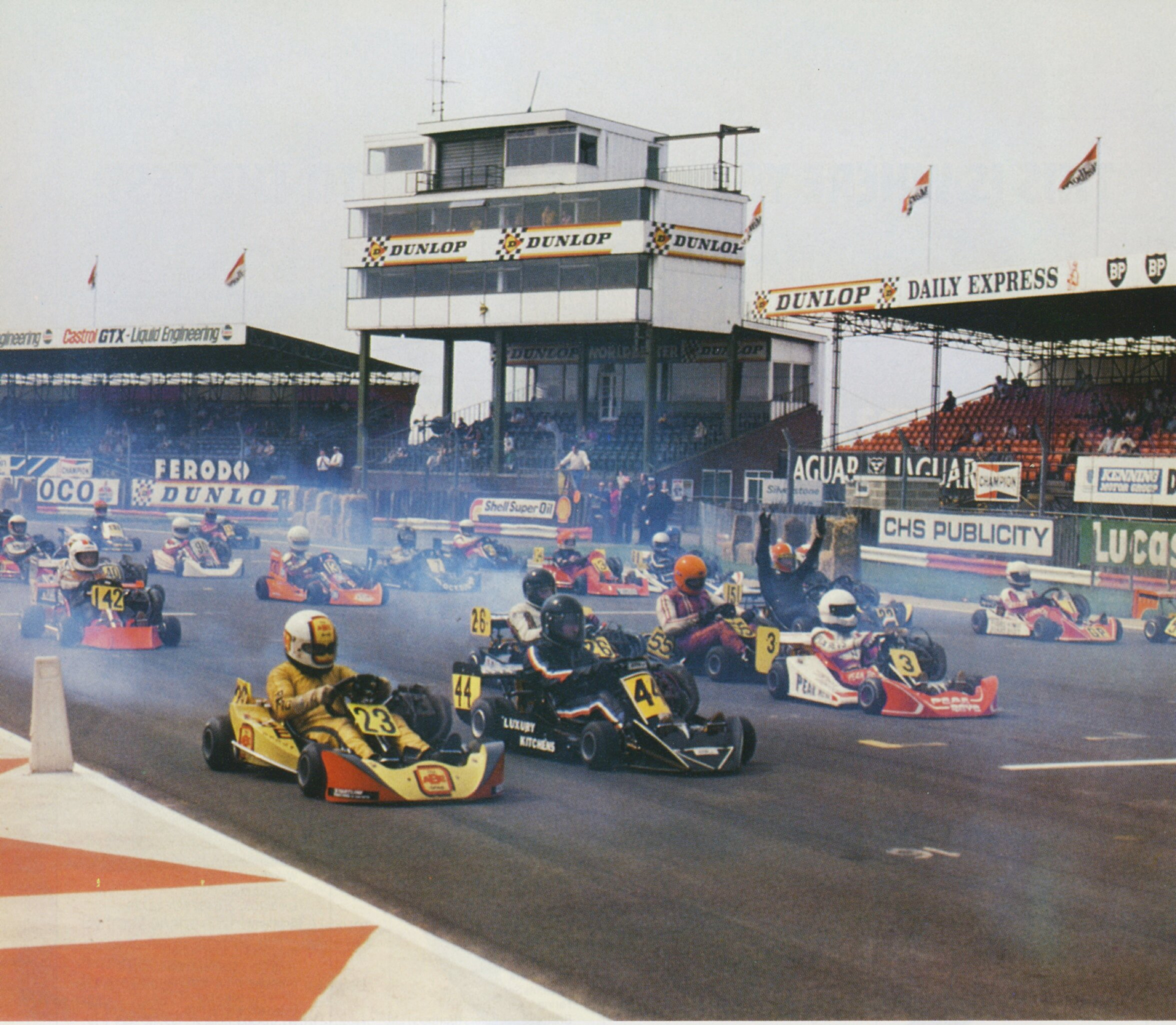
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Castrol GTX-Liquid Engineering
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Shell Super Oil
LUXURY KITCHENS
23
44
142
3
26

Clockwise from main picture above: a competitor signals, hands aloft, that he has stalled on the starting grid of the 250cc International during the British Kart Grand Prix at Silverstone last August. The sensation of speed as the big karts can reach 140mph. No 95, a Zip Greenspeed Yamaha competing in the 250 International. Engine detail of a Villiers 125cc model, with seven speed gearbox matched to its two cylinder engine. Immediate right: competitor G. Roscoe gets a push in his Dino Johnson 250cc Yamaha kart.

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In the past 30 years go-karts have evolved from little more than wooden crates on wheels to the ultra-sophisticated racing machines of today, capable of speeds up to 140mph. 'Karting'—is Formula Three racing in miniature

TINY TEARAWAYS

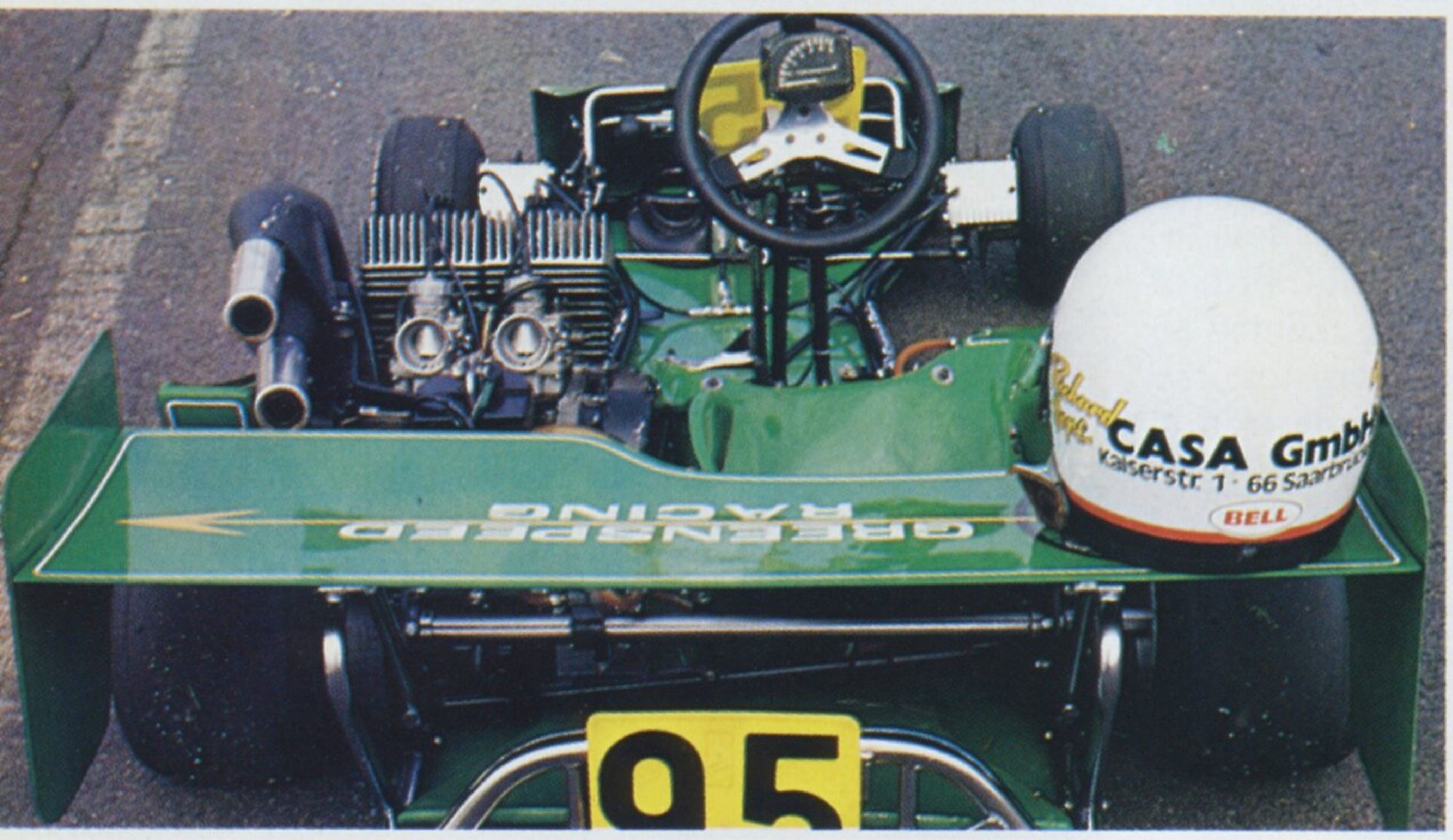
Photographed by Andrew Morland

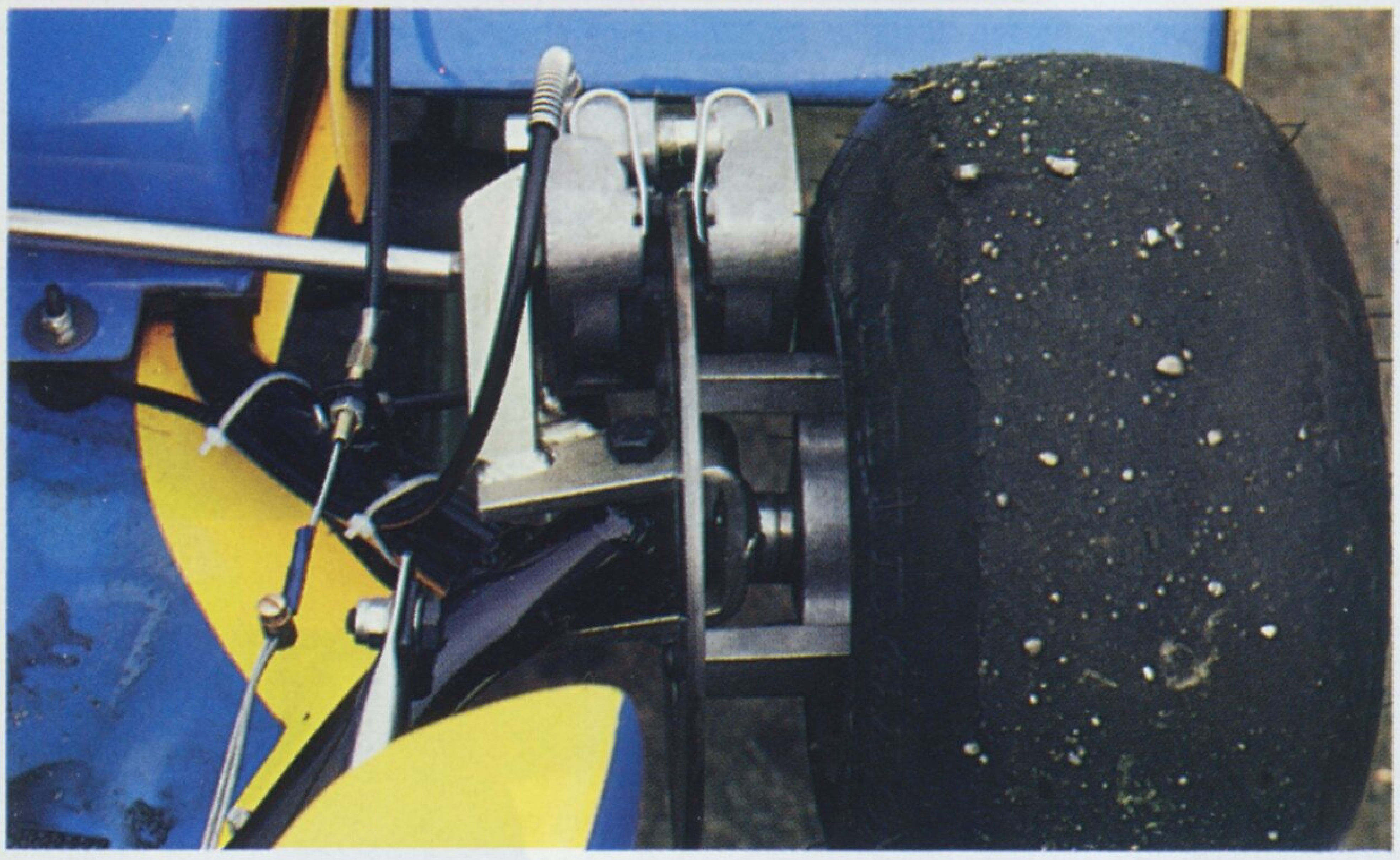
Mention go-karts to most people and they immediately conjure up an image of an orange crate on wheels. True that may have been 30 or 40 years ago, but karting today is a totally different pastime. It is a fast-growing, exciting competitive and spectator sport, the training-ground for many top Formula One racing drivers, like Ronnie Peterson, Nelson Piquet, Tony Brise, past World Champion Emerson Fittipaldi, and current World Champion Alan Jones.

In fact, the late Patrick DePailler when racing a modern 'superkart' in a demonstration at the Folembray circuit, north of Paris, was so impressed that he claimed he could put it in pole position for the Monaco Grand Prix. In the demonstration that day in autumn 1979, DePailler, driving Martin Hines' Hermetite Zip Superkart clipped three-tenths of a second from Jean-Pierre Jabouille's 54 second Formula One lap record for the $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile Folembray circuit.

Today's karts can trace their ancestry back to Los Angeles in 1956, where Art Ingels

GREENSPEED
MERLIN EXHAUSTS
95





and Lou Borelli raced their 2.5 horsepower industrial engined crate around supermarket car parks. A few years later American airmen from RAF Lakenheath demonstrated the new sport for the first time in Britain at Silverstone. In those days chassis were made of tubular steel and the power plants were adapted lawnmower engines. Enthusiasts would lay out circuits in car parks or in fields, where they would race their 30-35 mph machines.

Early European karts conformed to American standards – 100cc engines with no gearboxes – and by the mid-Sixties there was sufficient interest for the first World Championship to be staged. Shortly after, in a search for legitimate acceptance as a motor sport, go-karting became plain 'karting'.

DUNLOP
20
51
70
6

Development of the kart accelerated in Britain with the introduction of a gearbox utilising a 197cc Villiers engine. Cubic capacity increased to 250 and in the mid-Seventies the Japanese turned their attention to the sport and introduced two-cylinder models of 250cc. Karts became superkarts, miniatures of their celebrated Formula One cousins, and Britain leads the world in this the highest form of karting. So much so that in December 1979 Martin Hines went to Daytona to teach enthusiasts in the US the ins and outs of superkarting.

Superkarts race five-eighths of an inch

Main pictures, opposite page, top: A 250cc Aero Panther. Top-of-the-league karts can cost in the region of £2,400. Bottom: competitor No 130, Phil Horsfall in his Dino 250S Yamaha Smith. This page, centre: the red and blue livery of No 20, a Zip Burgess 250cc Yamaha. Above left, from the top: Brian Beattie's Zip Shadow Yamaha in action. Alan Miles' Zip Shadow Villiers leads A Mathie in a Barlotti Bett. Rear view of the Zip Greenspeed Yamaha 250cc. Immediately above: the karts are fitted with disc brakes.

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above the ground and last season were clocking up top speeds of 140 mph. It is confidently predicted that this year speeds will touch the 150 mph barrier. Karting today is an accessible alternative or training ground for those craving the thrills of big-time Formula racing. One need not possess a driving licence to gain a kart competition licence. A second-hand kart for a beginner in the 100cc class would cost £350-£400, a brand new one £750. A full competition-ready superkart with full enveloping body shell would cost about £2,400.

Karting is divided into various classes. At the top of the league is the 250cc International Grand Prix. Power units are all motor-cycle racing engines and until January were air-cooled, mostly based on the Yamaha TD3. But for the 1981 season the sport's governing body, the RAC, decreed that engines could be water-cooled, offering a straight fight between the Yamaha TZG and the Rotax 256. It is because of this change that experts predict the 10 mph increase in top speeds, to an average 116-117 mph.

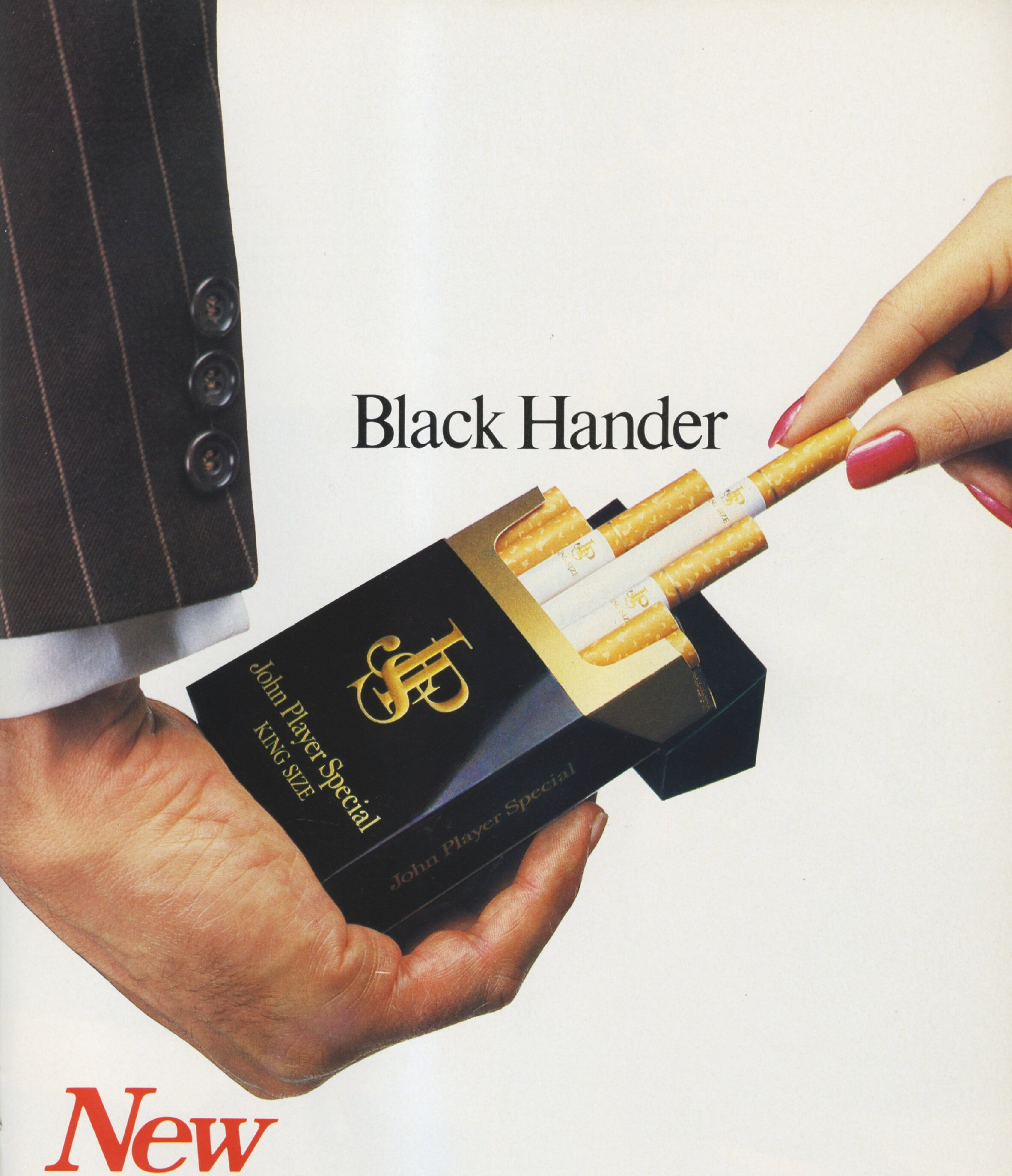
The most universally popular form of karting is the 100cc class, and it is the class to which most people relate, remembering the karts they have seen at seaside amusements. But in competition there is often less than one-tenth of a second separating the first five placegetters among these tubular-framed racers. One can start at 12 years old in junior classes and progress through the ranks to the prestigious events like the Silverstone Grand Prix, where 60 or 70 karts may be on the starting grid for each of the two heats. And it is this fierce competitiveness which attracts the spectators. 'Competing against perhaps 150 other drivers,' enthuses Martin Hines, winner of last year's Grand Prix, 'it is possible to come from the very back of the grid to win. It is very exciting for spectators with a great deal of overtaking, and that's a feature of Formula motor racing which is not so evident these days.' Travelling so close to the ground the sensation of speed is enhanced and because of the direct steering, the kart reacts very quickly.

When F1 driver John Watson took a turn behind the wheel of a superkart recently he described the sensation as being exactly the same as F1 racing – the exception being that he felt safer in the enclosed surrounds of F1 cars.

Other classes include the 250cc National for single cylinder, five-speed karts; the 210cc National for single cylinder four-speed karts coupled to derivatives of the original single-cylinder Villiers bike engine; and the 125 National for six-speed, two-cylinder karts.

For the Silverstone Grand Prix competitors came from as far afield as the USA, Denmark and Switzerland. And with 5,000 drivers in Britain alone it is arguable that karting is the most popular participant motor sport.

An ideal introduction to karting for would-be enthusiasts is through *Kart and Superkart* magazine, available from bookstalls at 65p monthly.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'I can't tell you how frustrating it is,' she complains. 'When I went to my firm's Christmas do in town last year I was nearly turned away at the door because employees' children hadn't been invited!' It's a feeling that the occasional half-fare on the bus or at the cinema does little to overcome. But there are more interesting compensations, and here a very adult twinkle comes into her eye. 'I find my boyfriends are terribly protective – as if I were a kind of kid sister, so I get my own back on occasions by being very, very naughty.'

Exactly how naughty? 'Like slipping my bikini top off when I was romping in the sea with a boyfriend and pretending to walk out and chase him up the beach. He nearly had a fit. The only trouble was I lost hold of the thing and it took me ages to find it again in the water!'

Or agreeing to reveal her very grown-up 33–23–33 inches to our photographer's lens. 'This is probably the naughtiest I've been, but it doesn't really count because I'm proving I've just as much to show off as any other girl who's been asked to model.' Over-protective boyfriends take note.

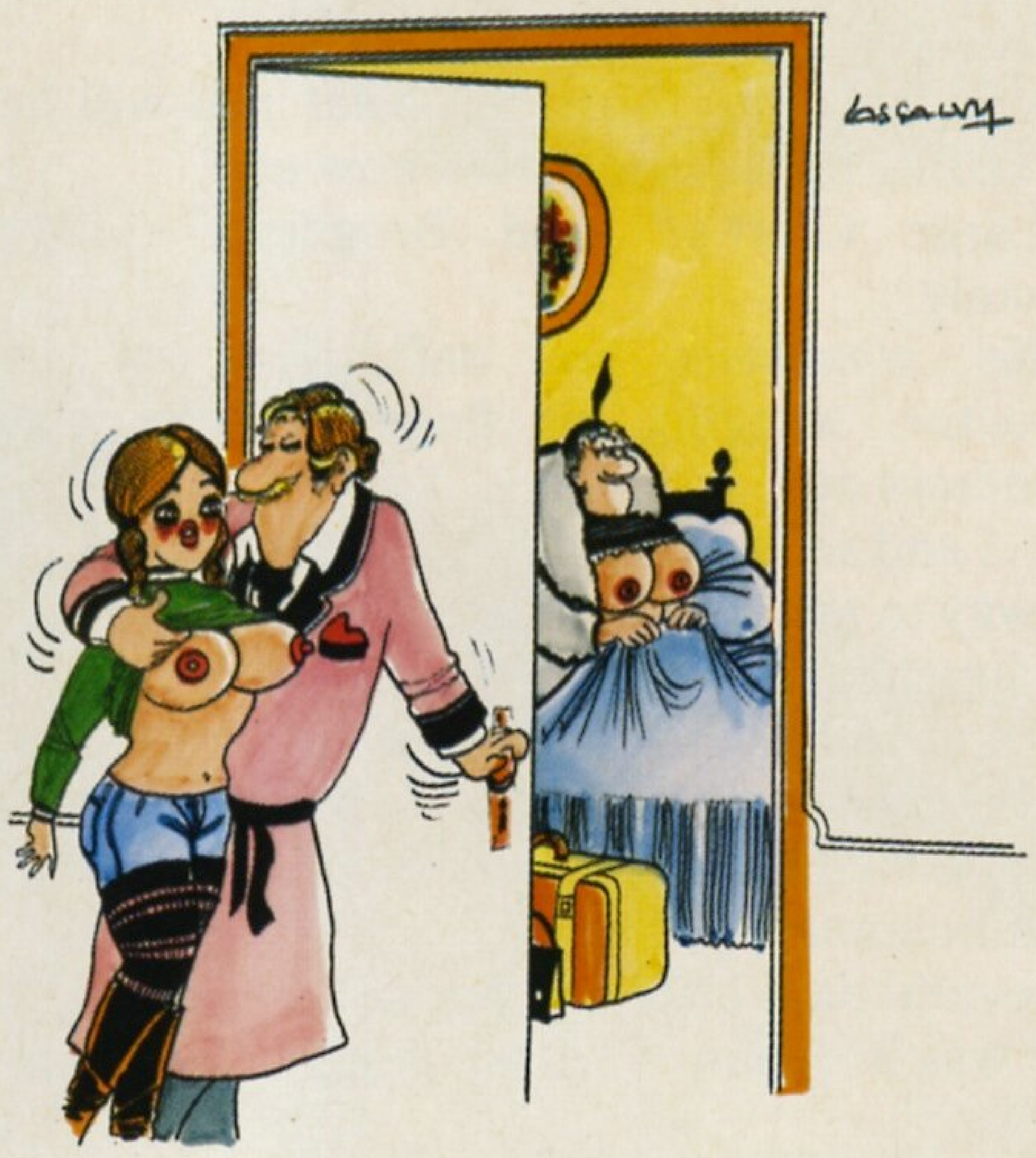
GIVE THE BIRDS A CHANGE
Vve du Vernay
VEUVE DU VERNAY
BRUT
VIN MOUSSEUX DE FRANCE
Produit en Cuve Close
VEUVE DU VERNAY

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

An Infantry officer was seconded to the Royal Artillery and underwent a considerable amount of ribbing in the mess. As a result his fellow officers were particularly miffed when he announced that he had a date with the most beautiful WRAC officer in the camp – a statuesque blonde who had previously repulsed all attempts at seduction.
The morning after the date he was immediately besieged by his fellows who demanded to know what had happened. 'Well, I had my standing orders,' he told them, 'so I reconnoitred the terrain and located the main objective. Next I slowly worked round the flanks and carefully probed the centre. That done, I moved my spearhead unit into position for the decisive thrust.'
'And then?' a brother officer queried.
The Infantry officer sighed. 'Situation normal. The bloody artillery opened fire too soon!'

As the lecherous games master stripped the eager teenager of her panties, she asked him with a giggle, 'Suppose I'm below the age of consent, Mr Brown?'
'In that case,' he replied, spreading her thighs. 'You'd just have to bring a note from your mother tomorrow.'

It was love at first sight. The couple's eyes met across the crowded room at the party. Within minutes they were in each other's arms. By the morning they were married and, as the hour reached noon, they settled by the poolside in their honeymoon hotel.
Suddenly the groom leapt up from his lounger, climbed the highest diving board, launched himself into space and completed three somersaults before cleaving the water without a splash.
'That was superb, darling,' cooed the adoring bride as he swam back to her. 'You never told me you were a diver.'
'Actually,' blushed the groom, 'I've got a gold medal.'
'How little we know about each other,' smiled his bride. 'But we have our whole lifetime to learn.'
And with that she took a running dive into the pool and swam four lengths underwater.
'That's astounding!' said the groom. 'You never told me you were a champion underwater swimmer.'
'Actually,' said the bride, 'I'm not. I used to be a street-walker in Venice.'



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An Arab camel dealer decided that his favourite beast was getting too frisky and ought to be castrated. Walking through his local bazaar one day he saw a sign over a doorway advertising 'CAMELS CASTRATED-PAINLESS TREATMENT-ONLY £5.' Being a humane man, and attracted by the very reasonable price, he fetched his camel and led it through the doorway. A little smiling man took the beast's tether, tied it to a rail and moved round to the rear of the animal. Picking up two bricks he smashed them together, crushing the camel's testicles. The camel gave out a long agonising howl and collapsed on the floor. 'That'll be five pounds, please,' said the little man.
'Your sign said "painless treatment"!' roared the camel-dealer.
'And so it is,' said the little man, 'unless you trap your thumbs between the bricks.'

'I don't need men,' the militant feminist explained to her less committed friend. 'Whenever I feel sexy, I masturbate.'
'But there must be times when you can't reach a climax by masturbating,' the friend protested. 'What do you do then?'
'Simple,' the feminist told her. 'I fake an orgasm.'

Did you hear about the young man who had an affair with a girl from the Department of the Environment but had to give her up for the sake of his health? Being a civil servant, she demanded everything in triplicate.

The undergraduate and his girlfriend began kissing and cuddling on the sofa. One thing led to another and soon they were both naked, but at the crucial moment she pushed him away, protesting that it wouldn't be proper.
'Good grief,' he snarled, 'don't tell me you're saving yourself for Mr Right!'
'That's old fashioned,' she replied with a sneer. 'I'm waiting for Mr Big.'

Edward, a devout and upright young man, had searched long and hard for a virgin bride. At long last he met Julia. She was beautiful and vivacious and, despite having been courted by many other men, assured her fiancé that she had never been intimate with any.
Overjoyed, young Edward set the date for the wedding, but the day before was overcome with doubts. He decided to seek the advice of his local chemist.
'This is awkward,' he said. 'But do you have such a thing as a virgin testing kit?'
'Certainly, sir,' said the chemist. 'Wait a moment and I'll fetch it.'
He disappeared into the back of the shop and returned with a tin of green paint and a croquet mallet.
'Here you are, sir,' said the chemist. 'There are full instructions on the tin.'
The next night Edward lay in bed with his new wife, but, before beginning the proceedings, he made an excuse and slipped into the bathroom. Five minutes later he returned with the croquet mallet in his hand and his most vital organ painted green.
'Struth!' exclaimed his wife. 'I've never seen one that colour before!' At which young Edward hit her with the mallet.

A myopic tree surgeon named Lee
Trapped an agile young wench in a tree.
She said, 'Shift your whopper,
You careless limb lopper.
That's a moss-covered knothole, not me!'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

How to be hearty about heart attacks

The story began last June on the seventeenth hole at Rye Golf Club. For much of England's management structure it was 'Poet's Day' – Piss Off Early, Tomorrow's Saturday – and my old friend Vivian St Claire Brogden is one of the Founding Fatheads of this less than august body.

'You really ought to give me one on this hole, Hubert!' he bellowed at Hubert, a fellow, if junior, alumni of 'Poet's'.

'Come off it, Brogden,' snapped Hubert, peevishly. 'Your handicap's far too high, already!'

Brogden addressed himself to the ball, muttering something about young people having no respect for age, took an almighty swing, and with hedonistic glee watched his ball soar like a swallow down the fairway. He stalked after it with the pompous stride of the born gamesman, and pulled up with a halt. 'Um, I don't feel so good.'

'I'm having no more of your nonsense, Brogden!' Hubert cooed from the green, putting a birdie rather well. 'You must learn to take your beatings like a man.'

Vivian conceded the final hole, and with greying face walked slowly into the changing room. 'I say, I don't think you do look well,' said Hubert, with the charity born of victory. 'Come on, I'll buy you a port.'

Brogden staggered to his feet, and slumped on the bar stool, steadying a large Croft's. His colour did not return. His usual nectar did not, for once, seem to have been transported from the gods, so he turned to a doctor member and said he couldn't understand it.

'Let me have a look at you, in the dressing room,' said the doctor. They went in and after a brief examination the medical man said: 'Well, you've had a minor heart attack, otherwise known as the "Gypsy's Warning". Better get you to hospital, but have another large Croft's while you're waiting. Fortified wine is a very good stimulant, and those are what you will be needing for a period from now on.'

'Large Croft's?' said Brogden, smiling wanly.

'No, *stimulants*, you oaf!,' retorted the doctor, wagging his finger, in the way doctors do.

'. . . and so,' said Beaky Yates, gossiping away to me on the 'phone, 'that's what happened. Vivian St Claire Brogden was wrapped in a blanket in the corner of the bar at Rye Golf Club, bawling for more medicine as he awaited the ambulance . . .'

Several days later, my phone went again. It was Brogden. 'Hellosy-wosey. I've been ill . . .'

'Oh, yes?' I replied, without a lot of interest, knowing that would annoy him. It usually does.

'No, O'H, *really* ill.'

'You don't say?'

'You mean to say you haven't heard?'

'Just a moment,' I said, reaching beside my desk for that morning's *Times*. 'Ah! No, there's nothing about you in the obituaries. Hold on a minute . . . let's look at the Court Circular. Ah! Here it is . . . "The Hon Vivian St Claire Brogden and Lady Barbara, accompanied by their lads-in-waiting, attended Morning Devotions yesterday in *The Robin Hood*, where The Right Reverend Charlie, Pontiff of Icklesham read the lesson. . . ."'

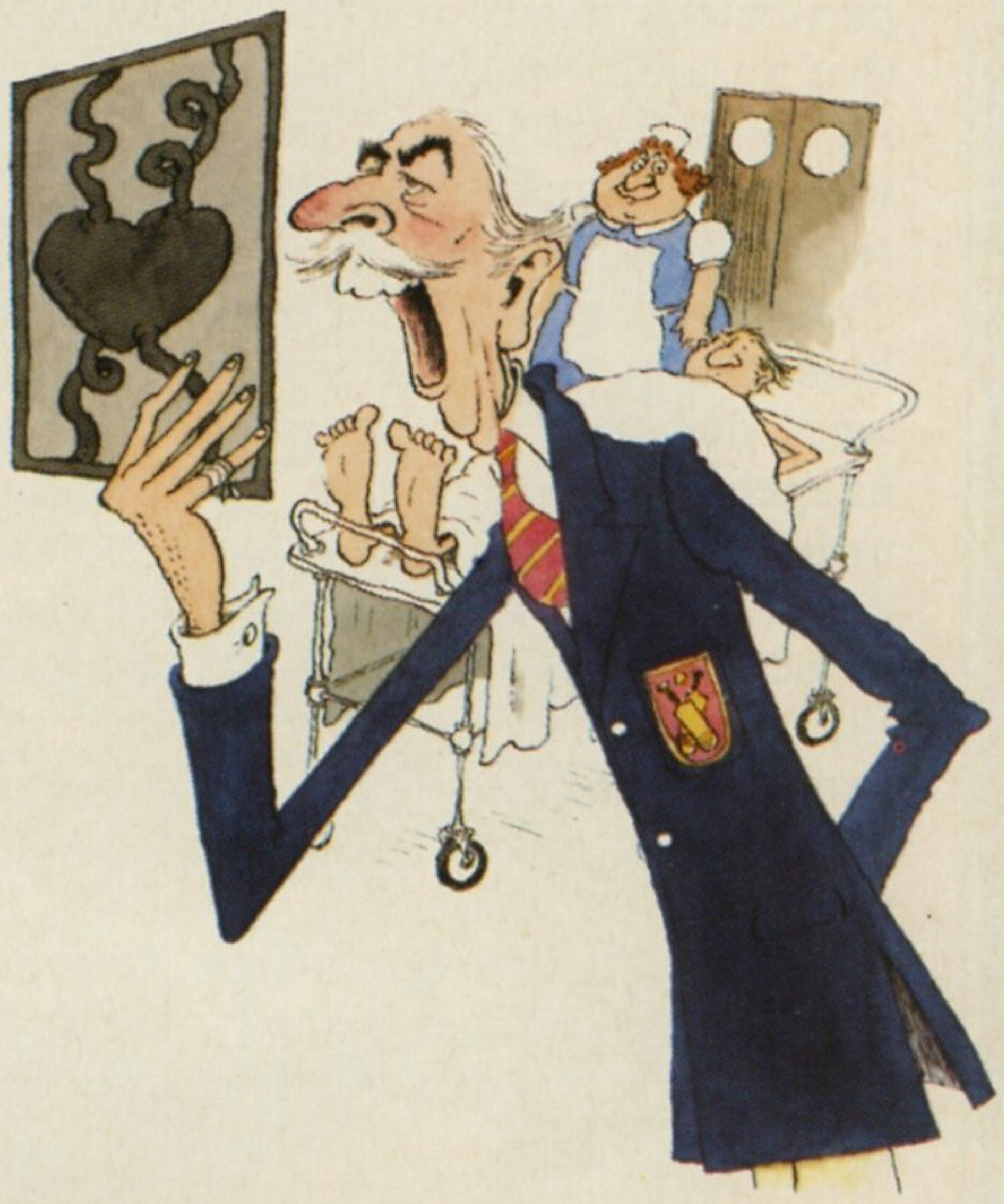
'Oh! very funny!' hooted Brogden. 'Let us hope it doesn't happen to you.'

'What, Mattins in *The Robin*? You owe me a bottle of port, anyway, Brogden!'

There was a crescendo of martyred silence from the other end of the telephone.

'Hello! Hello!' I said: 'Are you still with us? I mean, have we been *gathered* even as we spoke?'

'It really isn't funny, O'H,' insisted Brogden, in an unusually flat voice. 'I'm off work for several weeks, the doctor's given me some tablets, and I have to see a specialist at the National Heart next Thursday. That's why I'm ringing. Any chance of a bed Wednesday night?'



* * *

'I'm in no mood for grammar school humour, I can tell you,' said Brogden, handing me his overweek bag, as I opened the door of his car, and offered my arm. He looked considerably thinner, very grey, with the trace of an elderly wheeze in his voice.

'Perhaps you'd better come along and go to bed straight away?' I suggested, solemn facedly.

'Perhaps you can get stuffed, you bloody cretin!' roared Brogden, falling back behind the driver's seat again. 'Come on let's go and see Spenchay and those other London types in *The Hansom Cab*.'

When we arrived there, I pushed Brogden to the bar, stuck both hands in my pockets, and beamed.

'Do you think he's trying to tell me something?' said Brogden, fishing about for a rather motheaten fiver. 'One large pint of bitter . . .'

'One large vintage port!' I countermanded. . .

'And a bottle of lager!' said Brogden. Turning to the assembly he bellowed at them: 'I've had a heart attack and my doctor says I've got to keep taking the *Pils*!'

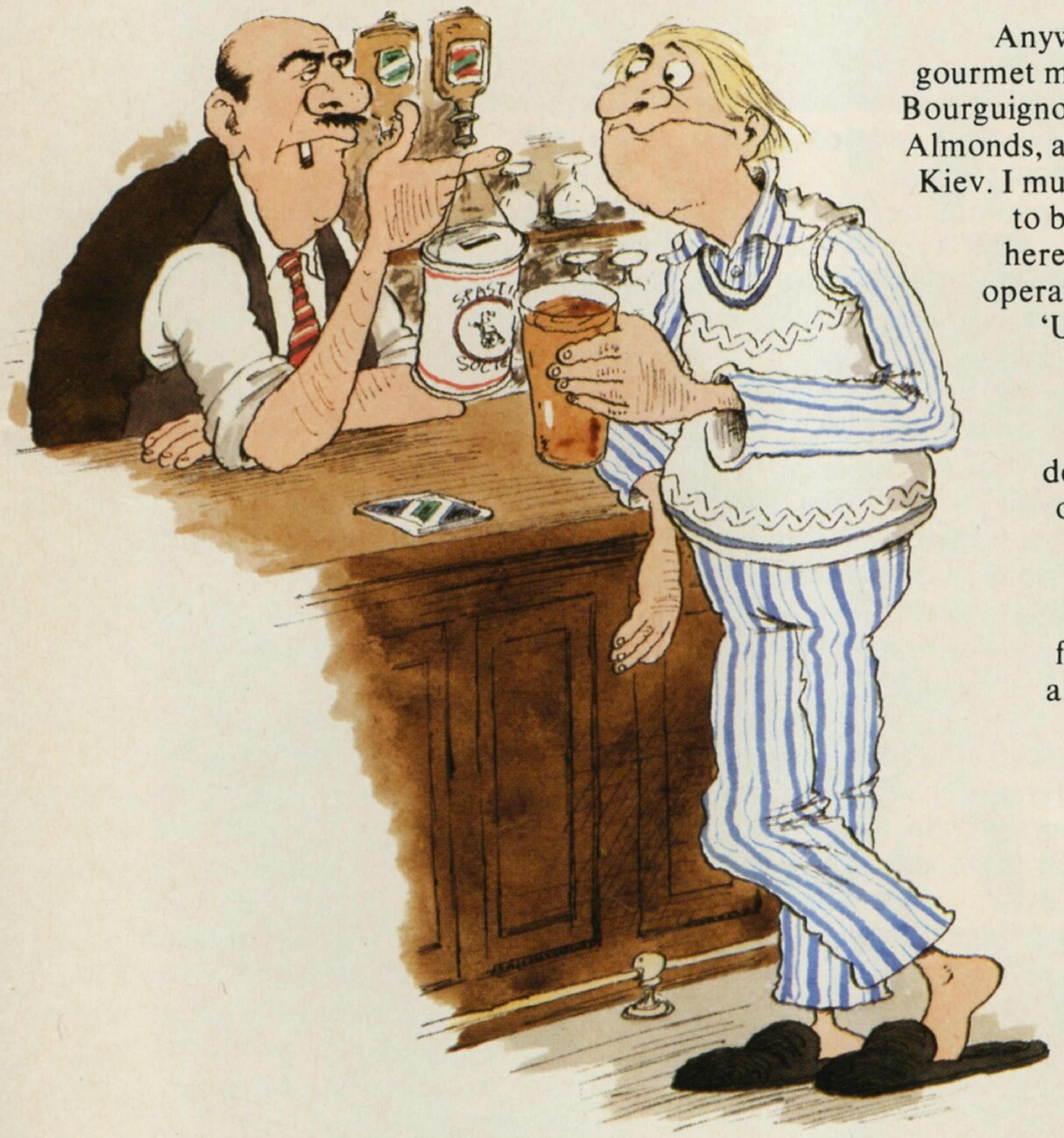
Brogden arose early and tottered off towards the National Heart. All was silent

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR ROBINS

When one of Brian O'Hanlon's friends ends up in hospital for surgery after a heart attack, even Sister can't quench his drinking habits, and a bobby threatens to make a cardiac arrest

for about a week when he rang me again and said: 'I've got to go in for a couple of days first, for a thorough check-up to find out exactly what's wrong. Perhaps you'd come in and see me and bring Annie with you, because she's a good bird, and isn't going to sit there and gloat, like some . . .'

A couple of days later I rang the Brogdens to find out the evening when it would be more convenient for us to call and see Vivian. One of the twins answered the phone. 'Hello, O'H. Did you know Daddy's going into hospital? It's the National Fart. Jamie and I aren't supposed to know about it because as we're little gnomes it might upset us, being of tender age like. You know, like what we speak at the village school. It sends the aged parents potty and makes Alison put on her Penelope Keith voice. You know, the one she uses when Melvyn goes to the pub a lot . . .'



'Thank God you are not a tale bearer, Beeger,' I sighed.

'I agree, O'H, and I'll tell you something else. I can spell precocious as well as anybody. B.E.E.G.E.R! How's that? Anyway, the old man goes in for an inspection tomorrow, so Thursday's probably the best day. If he asks you what I said you might say I was in tears, because Jamie and I can't understand why Daddy's left home and gone to live at Charlie's without us.'

We trolled into the ward just after seven to find Brogden in the second bed on the left watching the Test on television, dressed in a white towelling robe, looking more like Mick McManus than a candidate for major heart surgery. 'You've just missed my visitors he advised the recumbent figure in the next bed, snoring away – but I must say they do you very well here. I mean, they came round today to ask what sort of food I would like, so I asked for a choice of menus . . .'

'Are you a private patient?'

'No, 'course not. But they didn't ask me that, did they? Anyway, I selected a gourmet menu with Boeuf Bourguignonne, Trout with Almonds, and Chicken a la Kiev. I must say, it's going to be a pity to leave here, apart from the operation,' he sighed.

'Um, didn't come empty-handed, did you? Not when I'm at death's door.' He opened the door of his bedside locker and two bottles of claret fell out, showing a row of Guinness behind them. 'I mean, we know what a tight-fisted bugger, O'H is, but I always thought you were different, Annie!'

My other half obligingly produced the chilled bottle of hock we had brought from our London flat and the voice of authority went 'Ahem!' behind us.

'Oh, Good Lord!' said Brogden. 'It's Matron again. How are you?'

'I'm very well, Mr Brogden, and I'm Sister, as we both know. The same Sister who suffered the embarrassment of having to telephone you at the pub over the road when you were supposed to be up here, undressed, in bed for the consultant to meet and examine you.'

'Sorry about that,' winked Brogden.

'But I met the dreaded Bailey over there. I arrived early, and thought I might have one or two, because I've been told by some doctor Johnny that I can drink lager . . .'

'I am sure he was merely stating a fact, not offering a professional opinion!' Sister cut in. 'Anyhow, would you and your friends like to come and sit in the ante-room behind the ward. You would be much more comfortable there, the four of you, and I daresay those people in the ward who are trying to get some sleep might not find it such an effort . . .'

The next night we went back to find a very proud Brogden at the top of the stairs, agog to lead us into the ante room to show us the first of his scars. 'You see, what they do is put this tube in your leg – look here (lifting up his pyjama leg) – and then it goes all around you as they sit you in front of a T/V/X-Ray thing and it shows up everything inside you . . .'

'It's a good job we specialise in hearts, not heads, here,' murmured Sister, who had popped her head in the door, briefly, '. . . otherwise there would not really have been much to see . . .'

'I say, O'H,' said Brogden, winking: 'I think we're getting on well. I think she likes me.'

'Oh, definitely!' I agreed. 'Anyone can see she's crazy about you.'

'Anyway,' he went on, returning to the subject. 'There it all was. Not one

blockage, but two. I must say it makes a chap proud to have two. I mean, one doesn't feel such a nuisance, does one?'

'It's quite obvious that you are the only genuine patient here and the rest are all malingerers.' I murmured.

'Yes, well, bollocks,' continued Brogden. 'Anyway, as I was saying before I was most stupidly interrupted, the screen showed two blockages in the heart, and the houseman was a very keen cricketing type, so when the consultant asked him what he should do – you know the sort of training on-the-job business – he went ga ga ... "Um, I should approach the crease from deep backward square leg, Sir. Definitely a couple of slips, although first should be more of a gully. I think if you drop the ball just outside the middle peg the first chap will edge one into second's hands without much bother . . ."'

'A good, if unusual, prognostication,' murmured the consultant. 'Now, how are we going to remove the other fellow? There are no more "batsmen" to come in, on this particular innings?'

'Ah! Single Wicket Competition, Sir, but opening from the other end . . .'

'The Nursery end, I would imagine?'

'Ah, ha ha, yes, er, quite. We set a leg trap. Deliver the ball from a high trajectory from right outside the bowling crease, moving it across the body from the off to the legside. If we put a couple of good fielders right on the boundary, that should do the trick.'

'Tell me,' grumbled Brogden, 'as an interested party may I ask when we take tea?'

'Oh! We'll go straight through, provided the light holds!' said the consultant, with a ghost of a wink to the patient.

Barbara came up and stayed at a friend's London flat in Victoria on the eve of the operation, and I drove her to the hospital, that night, after it was over. 'Let's go and have a drink, O'H,' she said, after coming down from intensive care. He's going to be alright, apparently, but at the moment he's full of tubes and looks an awful sight. I'm afraid I just couldn't stand it. But he's OK. They're frightfully pleased with him. Apparently they gave him enough knock-out doses in the ward before they took him down but they didn't put him out. He put himself on the trolley shouting, "I'm the driver! I'm in charge! O'Hanlon's an oaf! and Bruton for ever!" He's semi-conscious, even now, but rambling . . .'

'Oh well,' I observed, 'almost back to normal in that case!'

Barbara thought that Thursday was a good night for me to see him. By then Vivian would be out of intensive care and able to withstand visitors. But then there was another phone call. 'I think, O'H, that Sunday morning would be a good time,' said Barbara. 'There's such a mob of people going to see him – can't think why – that it's better if we stagger things.'

That week I had an assignment to report on a health farm. Feeling fit and 10 lb lighter I drove back to London, along the M4, and up to the Westway and into Great Cumberland Street, along Marylebone High Street. Annie clutched another bottle of hock, and as I parked the car outside the front of the hospital there came a bellow from above.

'O'H! Bring one of your cricket sweaters from the boot, and wait for me!'

Brogden came bustling out of the hospital, pulled on the sweater, and led the way across the road into the pub.

'A pint of lager, pint of bitter and a G & T,' I ordered. 'Well, what a super week we've had at the health farm. I've lost nearly a stone and so has Annie. Don't we look fit?'

Brogden didn't reply but began lifting up his shirt, under my sweater, to show his neat scars. We didn't take any notice because we were full of our health kick. Brogden could stand it no longer. 'Oi!' he shouted. 'Listen, everybody. This is my first time out from over the road after major heart surgery, four days ago. My best friend and his old woman come to visit me. Is it "Hello, Vivian. Well, how are you?" Or even, "Vivian, tell us what they did to you?" It's all about them. The bloody health farm *they've* been to. Self-indulgent plutocrats, who couldn't give a monkey's about anybody except themselves . . .'

'Look, mate,' said the Governor, leaning across the counter. 'I shouldn't keep on. I mean, we've heard it all before. I mean, you're not the first man who's ever come out of there alive. Most of them do because it's the No 1 Heart place in the world. Put a quid in the Spastics Box.'

'Bloody conspiracy!' muttered Brogden. 'Hey! Lend me a quid, O'H. Can't afford to buy you a drink now I'm out of work . . .'

'When can you work again?'

'Ah! That's better. We're talking about me at last. Well, I can't work and I'm not allowed to drive, but I must walk a mile every day.'

'That's just about to Charlie's and back.'

We called in to see him on the Monday. They had put him back in his old ward where he was regarded now as something of an Old Boy – and something else again, by Sister. 'Those rows of bottles along the windowsill are hardly a good advert for this establishment,' she reminded him.

'Um,' said Brogden. 'Better take them down. You see this is my "Pope Window" . . .'

'What?'

'Yes. It's from where I wave to people. God Bless you, my son. Go forth and sin no more. That sort of thing. Oh! Old Sparky nearly got himself arrested last night.'

'What happened?'

'Well, he came to see me with Suzy, and we all went over the road and had a few. Well, you know how Sparky likes his gins, don't you? Anyway, we left, after an hour, because I didn't want them to throw a strop here, and so that I could wave to them from my Pope Window. Well, Sparky was so overcome at the Blessing that he got hold of a porter's trolley and was about to put it in the boot of his car when a constable came around the corner. "Are you having fun, Sir," he said, "And what are you doing with that trolley? I take it that is not your property?"

'"It isn't officer," said Sparky. "We were just, 'um. We were just saying goodbye to our friend over there, and I became, 'er rather excited, 'um . . ."

'"I see, Sir," said the officer. "What you mean is that when you were saying goodbye to your friend – him what's grinning at me up there in the window – you was so far overcome that during a momentary aberration you took the trolley, meaning to return it, of course, after you had taken it home to clean it?"

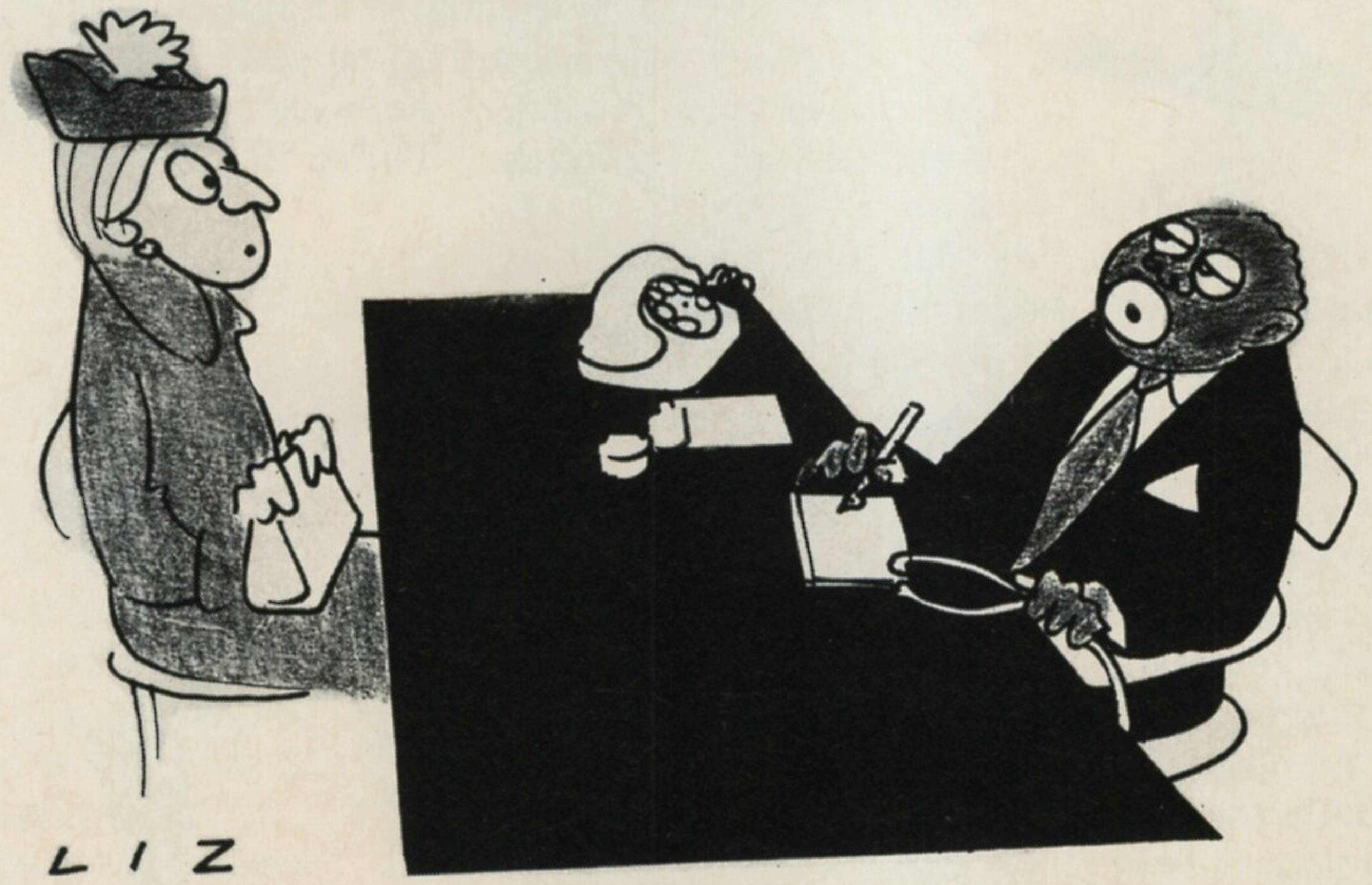
'"Um. . ."

'"If I was you, Sir, which thank God at the moment I'm not, I should bugger off very quickly before I lose my sense of humour. And put that bloody trolley back where you got it!"'

Barbara took Vivian home in a couple of more days and I telephoned. 'Can't stand the drink,' said Brogden. 'Honestly. Gone completely off it!'

'Couldn't happen to a nicer fellow.' I said, sweetly. 'Well, how were things when you left?'

'Everyone said goodbye but the Sister wouldn't take the packet of sweeties I bought her as a going-away present. Can't think what I could have done to upset her . . .?'



'Are you allergic to the juice from the liver of the great horned toad, Mrs Pope?'

The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

❛You should have been here last week. One bird gave me the cold shoulder. Then, as she skated away, her knicker elastic snapped. She nearly melted the ice with her blushes.❜

Conversation overheard in men's changing room at Richmond ice rink.

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SL-QL1

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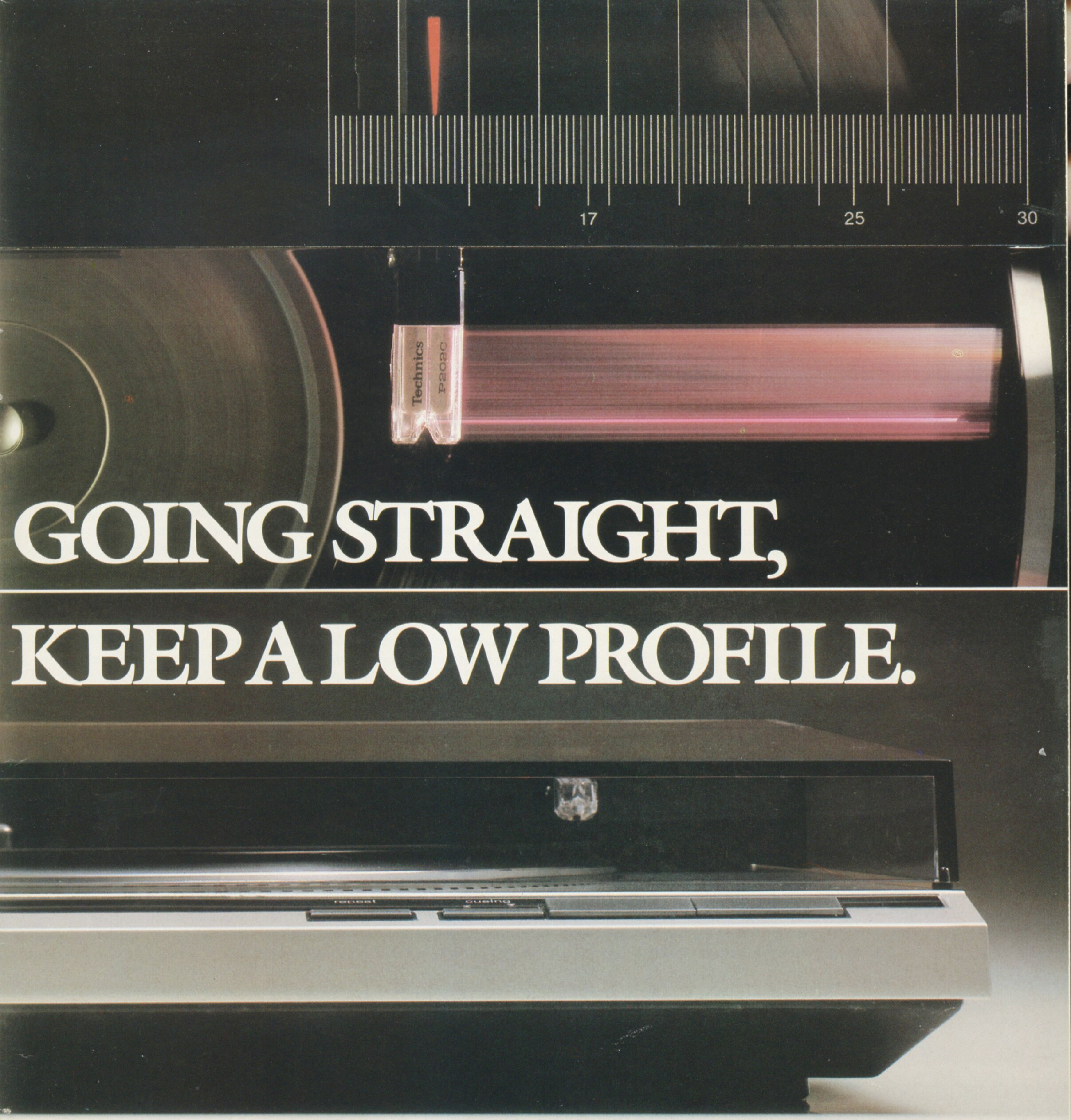

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But, at a mere 3½ inches high by 17 inches wide, our Sl-QL1 makes other linear tracking turntables look positively cumbersome.

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Technics

SL-QL1 linear tracking turntable

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Price inclusive of VAT and correct at time of going to press.

Hot blood, cold steel

continued from page 47

lation or a disastrous embarkation to the ships waiting off the coast, Moore's men turned and fought.

Soult launched a frontal attack with cavalry on the left supported by heavy batteries while three columns of infantry descended the ridge under cover of skirmishers for the final assault. The 50th Foot fought them off with the bayonet despite heavy casualties and when the 42nd Foot began falling back after running short of ammunition Moore himself led them forward shouting: 'My brave Highlanders! You still have your bayonets! Remember Egypt!' The gallant General was felled by a cannon ball almost immediately but his words urged the kilted soldiers of the 42nd forward and by cold steel alone they seized the village of Elvina and restored the English line. Soult was forced to pull back and, saved by the bayonet, the British army, led by the newly arrived Sir Arthur Wellesley, was able to use its hard-won position as a springboard for the counter offensive that finally drove the French from Spain and ultimately led to Napoleon's final defeat at Waterloo.

The socket bayonet used by Wellington's soldiers at Waterloo was little changed from the prototype first issued 100 years earlier. It had a 17-inch triangular sectioned blade which was fitted by means of a short curved neck to the socket which had a simple zig-zag fixing slot. Apart from the adoption of a locking ring in 1853 it continued in use by the British army until 1888 when the introduction of the magazine rifle led to fresh designs culminating in the sword and knife bayonets. Few weapons can claim such a continuous history free from modification in modern times.

But although the trusty socket design remained standard issue for nearly 200 years, manufacturers and military armament experts maintained a steady stream of alternative designs and the sword bayonet which replaced the socket first appeared as far back as 1790 with the Prussian *Hirschfänger*. As the name implied the sword bayonet possessed a wooden or metal hand-grip and a rudimentary cross-guard and quillon. The bayonet produced for the Baker rifle in 1800 was brass hilted and included a knuckle-bow with a blade length of 23 inches and, when used independently of the rifle, was in all respects a perfectly viable and efficient small sword.

Experiments with blade shapes and lengths continued throughout the 19th century. Some, like the Patt 88 Mk II made for the Lee-Metford rifle, were short with a blade length of 12 inches and were commonly referred to as knife bayonets, while others such as the French M 1874 Gras were fitted with 20-inch blades. The record seems to rest with the bayonet designed for the Jacob's rifle in 1856 whose blade measured no less than 30 inches.

Blade shapes, too, exhibited weird and wonderful variations. The socket bayonet produced for the Eggs carbine in 1784 had a spear point while, nearly 100 years later, Lord Elcho designed a bayonet for the Snider rifle in 1870 which was based on the assagai spears used by African tribesmen. Appropriately enough it was first used by the British army in the Ashanti war. The yatagan blade was another popular variation in the latter half of the century. Based on an old Turkish design it contained a double curve rather like a half-straightened cutlass. The advantages of the yatagan were never clear but it was a fearsome looking weapon.

The French, in their Lebel bayonet, adopted a slim quadrangular blade that looked distinctly vicious while the new German Empire developed a long falchion shaped blade that swelled towards the point and was nicknamed the 'Butcher' blade. But probably the most maligned blade was the saw-back which, as the name suggests, had a saw edge along the back of the blade. Many were the attrocity stories told about the German saw-back weapon in World War One and Allied propagandists hailed it as the weapon of the primitive savage. The implication in all the stories being that the saw-back was a barbaric modification designed to inflict hideous wounds on Germany's enemies.

In truth, however, it was an innocent dual purpose weapon issued to pioneer and artillery units and, indeed, its German title was the *pionierfaschinenmesser* – almost as terrifying as the weapon itself! The saw-toothed top was intended for cutting wood and its use as a bayonet was restricted to self-defence if the working party found itself under attack. The propagandists forgot to mention that the British army had issued saw-back weapons to the Royal Artillery with the introduction of the Martini Henry rifle as far back as 1875 and there had been similar patterns manufactured subsequently.

The combination of a working tool as part of a fighting weapon has always held a strange fascination for bayonet designers and weird, indeed, have been the results of these morganatic marriages. In 1868 the United States produced a trowel bayonet measuring nearly four inches across at its widest part. A little more rationally the Russians modified the tip of the Mosin Nagant bayonet in 1944 to produce a screwdriver head which came in handy for stripping down a gun. And in World War Two an unnamed British genius brought out an entrenching tool with a spade-pick-head to which could be fitted the No 4 Mk 1 spike bayonet. This particular bayonet proved to have another utilitarian use as the English tommy soon discovered. It was ideal for punching holes in tins of soup and cans of beer.

Perhaps the most comprehensive of all these combination weapons was the Armalite AR 10 bayonet issued to the Sudanese army in 1957. Contained inside the hilt was a folding tool-kit of the type beloved by Boy Scouts, comprising various knife blades, a screwdriver, a probe and a corkscrew. While it is difficult to discern a military purpose for the latter item, no doubt the soldiers found it useful.

Bayonet fighting was, in theory, the art of killing by numbers and the drill books laid down a rigid procedure for the use of the weapon in battle. The *Royal Naval Handbook of Field Training* prefaced its instructions with some blunt advice:

'A man's success with the bayonet in war depends on:—

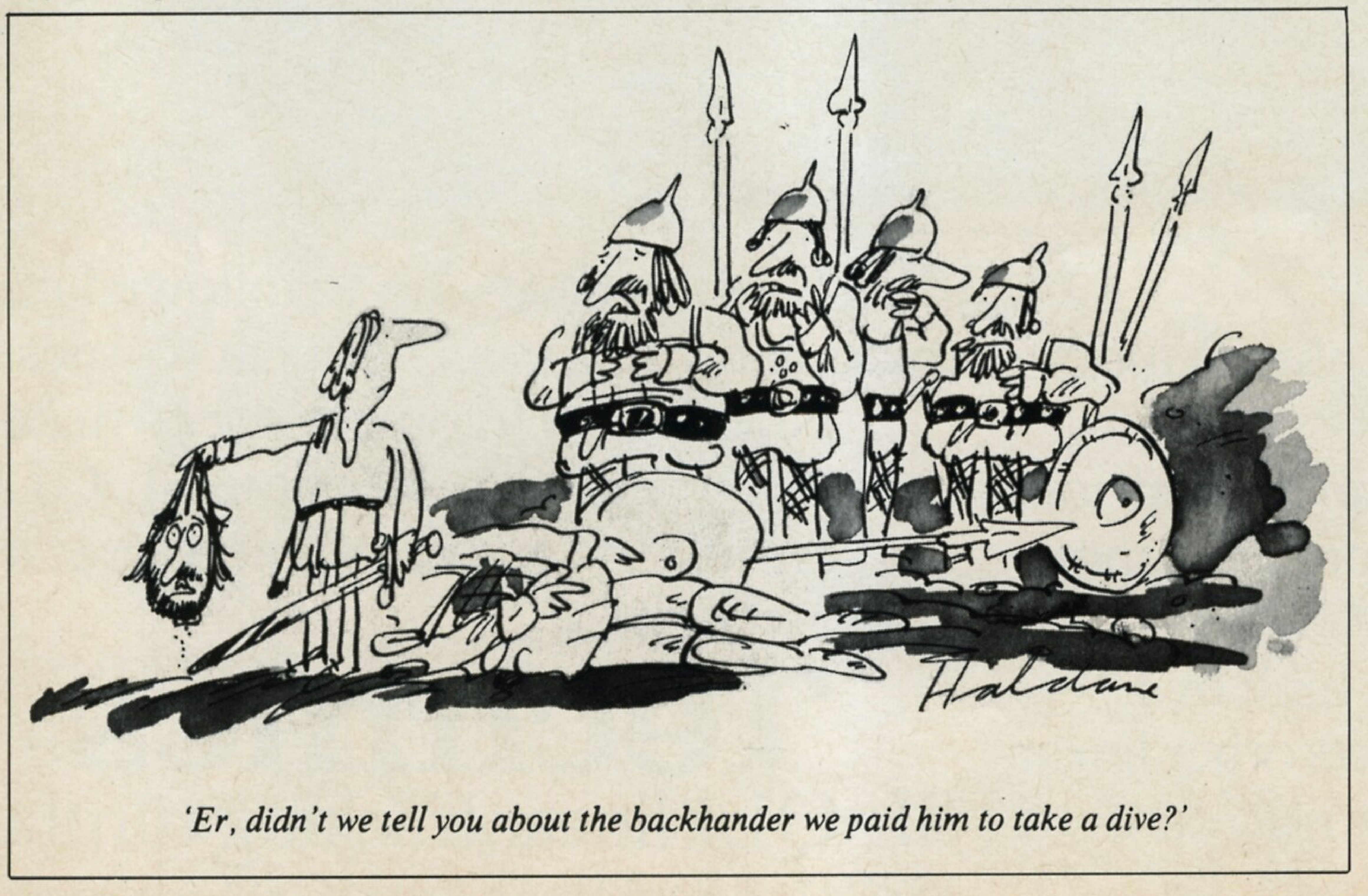
(a) Fighting spirit – that is courage and determination to kill his opponent.

(b) Instinctive correct use of the weapon in the excitement of hand-to-hand fighting.'

The Handbook added thoughtfully: 'Safety considerations make it difficult to reproduce war conditions.' But continued sternly: 'In order that bayonet fighting should be as realistic as possible men under instruction should always have some definite target at which to exercise their Points, Butt strokes, and Parries.' The experts somehow managed to make it sound a little like training for the corps de ballet rather than an army corps.

Conditioned though we are to nuclear missiles, megaton bombs and the concept of overkill, there is something extremely chilling in the Handbook's precisely worded instructions. 'Men should first be instructed where their points will have most

turn to page 106



'Er, didn't we tell you about the backhander we paid him to take a dive?'

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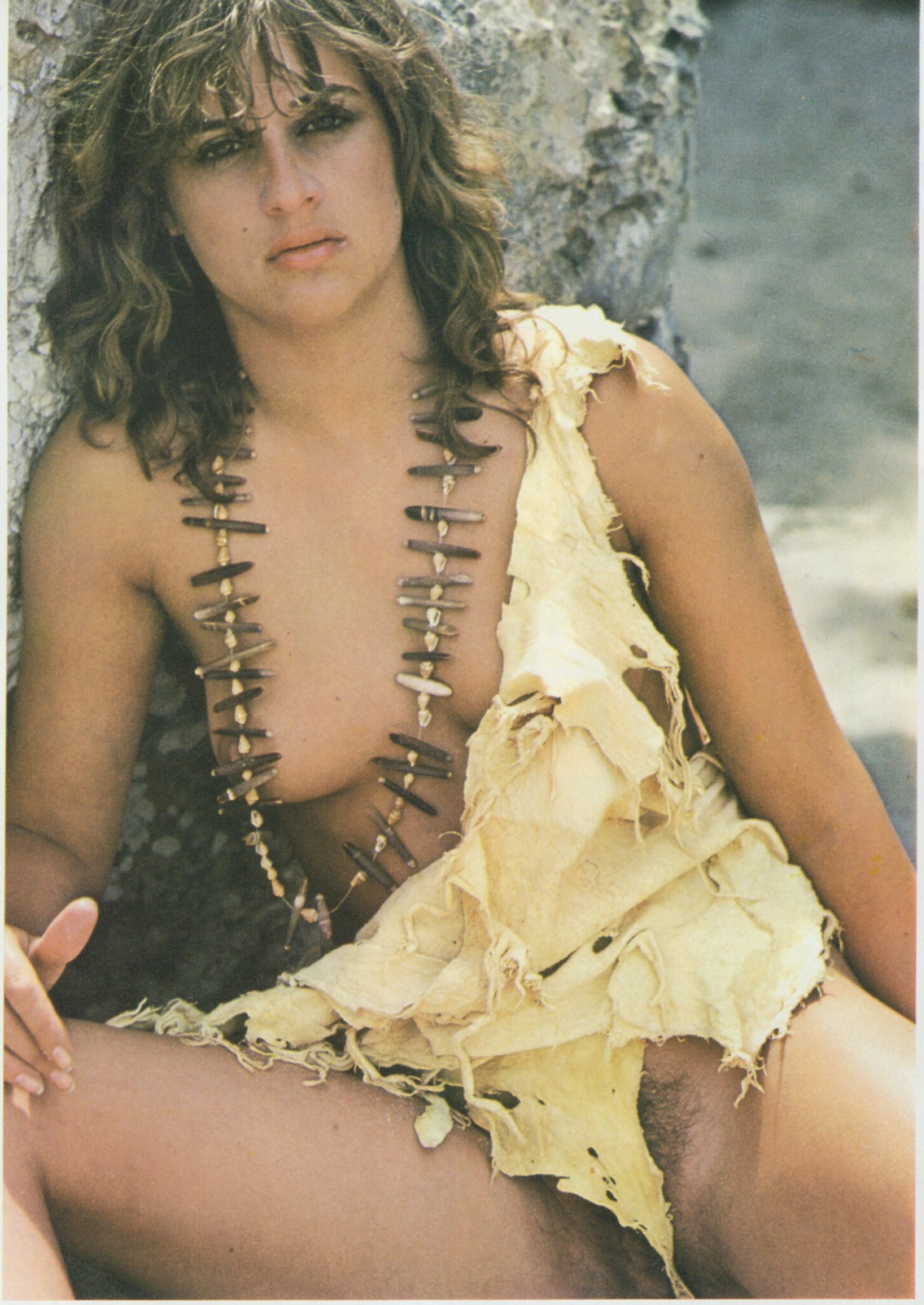
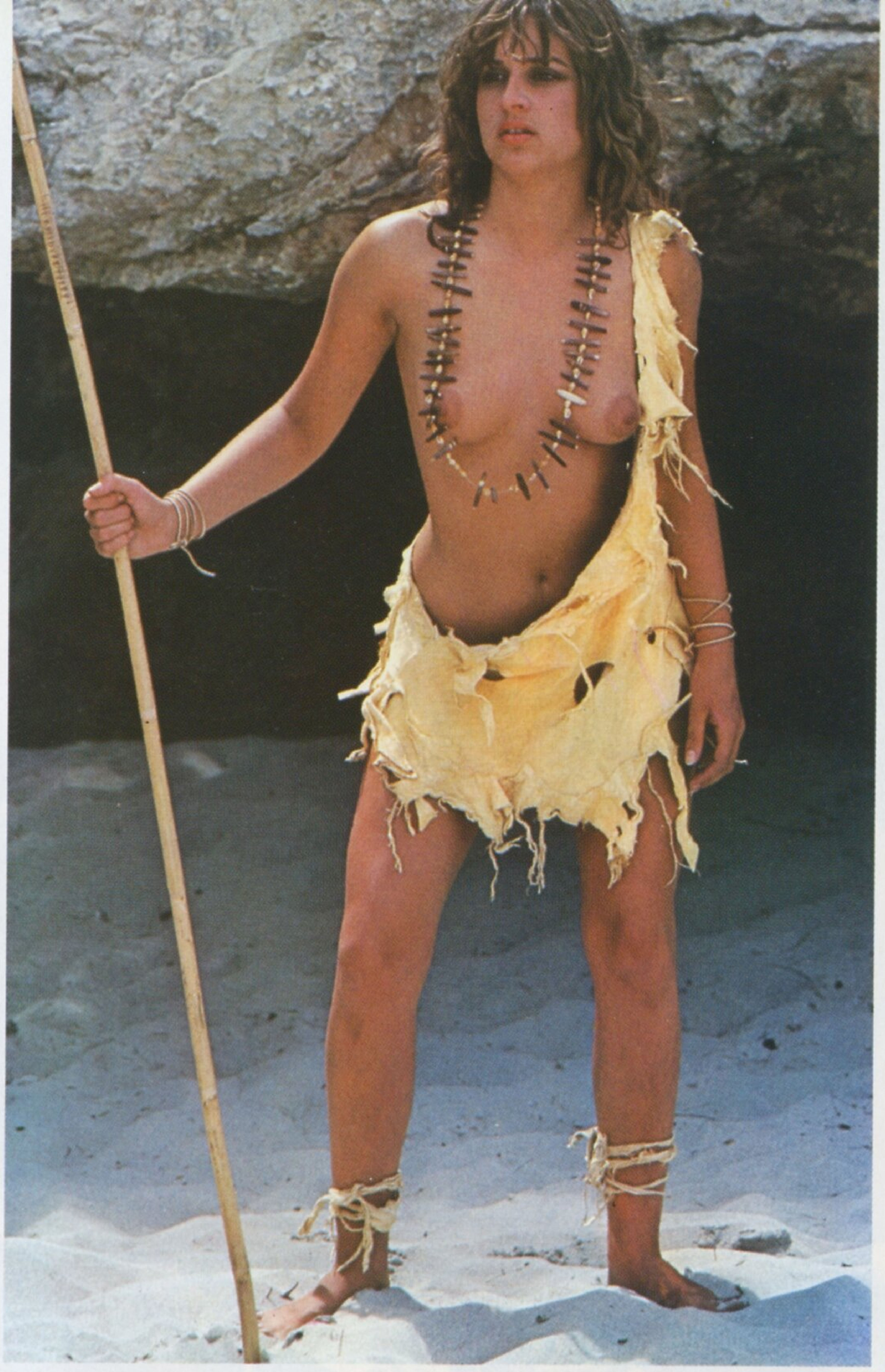


Kirsty the cavegirl

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Ed Alexander spends a lot of his time in Majorca, usually behind a camera. But recently he went there alone, just for a holiday. No cameras, no models – nothing. But then he saw Kirsty. She was barely covered in a leather outfit, her hair looked like it hadn't been combed for weeks, but underneath she had undeniable good looks and she was radiating pure health and vitality. Was it some kind of joke or publicity stunt – or possibly an extra straying from some film set? It was none of these, as Kirsty explained: 'We wanted to try living rough and going right back to nature.'

'Mention Majorca to most people and they think of Palma Nova, but here along the north-east coast it is very rugged and peaceful.' So what made Kirsty go for the Good Life of Majorca? 'We just wanted a long break, lasting several months. But we didn't have a lot of bread so we decided to live rough and what little money we did bring we eke out on food. We're not tramps or anything, but just like basic living.'



When Ed bumped into the lovely 36–25–37 form of 21-year-old Kirsty she and her friend had been living rough in Majorca for nearly nine months. They started off in a tent, but sold it when they found a natural cave offering sufficient shelter. Prior to her cave-man existence Kirsty was a secretary from Surbiton in Surrey and now she would hate to return to an ordered 9 to 5 way of life. 'I could never go back to that,' said Kirsty. 'I'd go spare. I think I'll stay around here until I get myself straightened out a bit, then . . . I don't know, but it's got to be something different. Perhaps I'll do some more modelling. It's certainly helped pay the rent on the cave. We may even lay some carpet!'

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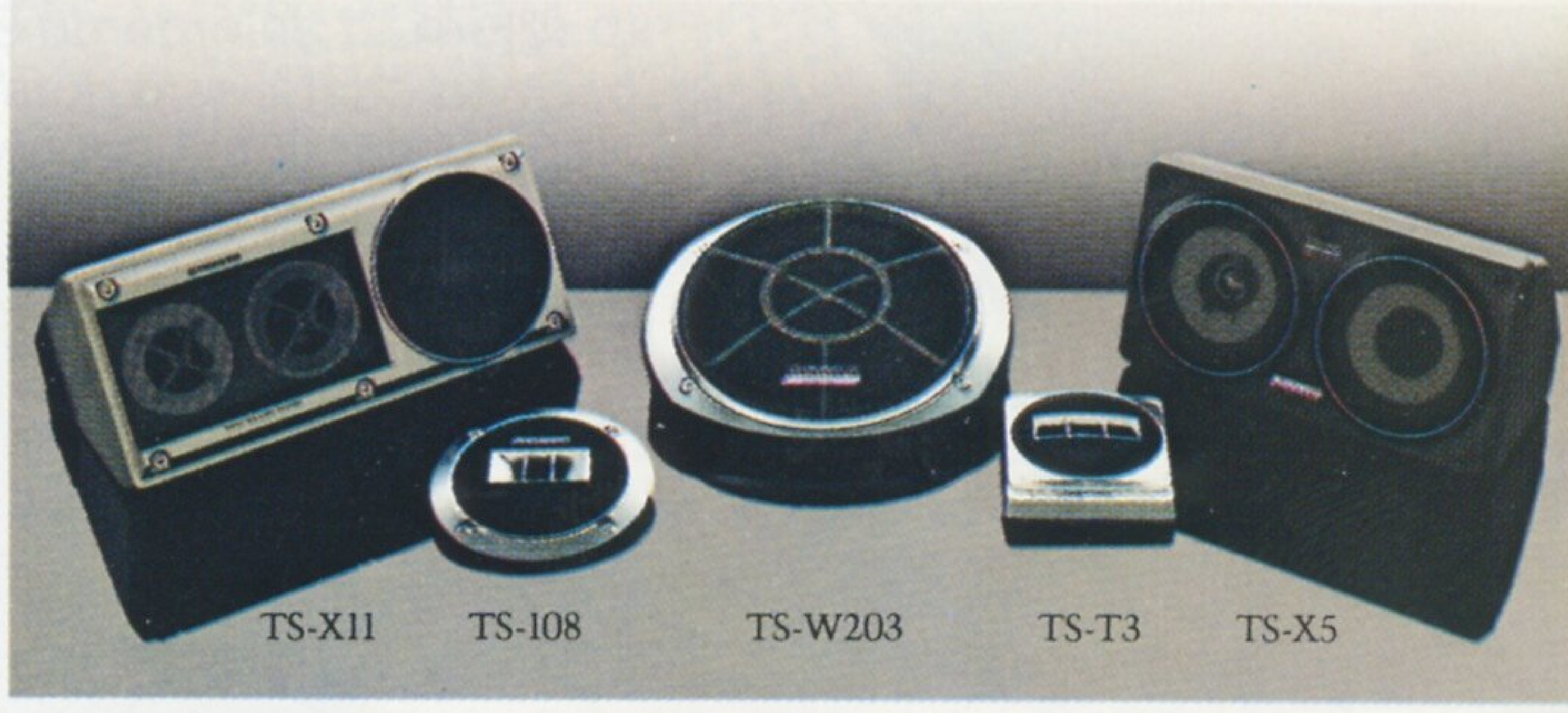

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Thirteen

As women can find a male 'rough diamond' desirable as a sexual partner – even though the same man might be unacceptable in a social situation – so men can be attracted to the feminine equivalent. She might be a barmaid, waitress or char, but her lack of social inhibition promises a similar freedom. Quest talks to three men.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Export manager, 29 years old, single, town of origin Weybridge**

This interviewee left university with an economics degree and joined an export company. He lives on his own in a rented flat.

Quest: Would you say your sex life was satisfactory?

Manager: Yes, I suppose so.

Quest: You don't sound very sure of that.

Manager: Well, it is satisfactory in as much that I have sex regularly, or fairly regularly, to be honest, but it has been a little predictable lately.

Quest: Why is that?

Manager: I seem to be getting into a rut as far as sex goes. I have different birds because I don't want to get involved in a serious relationship yet. But they all seem to be the same type, either ones I have met at our local Young Conservative meetings or birds I chat up at my squash club. Their attitudes are the same, it's just the bodies that are different. I suppose it's because I only mix in one social circle. And they're all roughly the same age.

Quest: So you're jaded with the middle-class girls you usually mix with?

Manager: Yes. That does sound arrogant, doesn't it? I don't want to give the impression I'm some sort of local Don Juan cutting a swathe through the female population of my town. I enjoy sex whoever it's with, but everyone needs a change now and again.

Quest: Was that why you had the affair with Elaine?

Manager: It wasn't really an affair, just a one-off thing, but you're right. She seemed so different from all the girls I know. There was such a contrast in background and upbringing, without sounding too snobbish.

Quest: How did you meet her?

Manager: At work. She worked for our cleaning contractors for a short time and I met her one evening when I was working late.

Quest: Did you plan to seduce her?

Manager: No. It was the first time I'd met her. I had to finish writing up a report so I was burning the midnight oil and she walked in to empty the rubbish bins. She thought everyone had gone home and didn't realise I was there.

Quest: Were you attracted to her at first?

Manager: She had a good figure and quite a pretty face, although she used too much makeup. I suppose I was attracted to her, but only in a casual way.

Quest: Did you start chatting her up or was it the other way round?

Manager: It was me. She was very embarrassed at bursting into the office while I was still there, so I started chatting to her to put her at her ease. That's when I thought I might have a chance.

Quest: You mean of seducing her?

Manager: Yes. She seemed very impressed by me and said she had always wondered what the executives who worked in the offices looked like because she usually came in after everyone had left. I explained a little about my job and it was obvious she was a little in awe of me because it sounds more important than it actually is. And I admit I was laying it on a bit thick.

Quest: Why was that?

Manager: I was beginning to fancy her now I was talking to her. She was quite pretty, but what intrigued me was the fact that she was so different to all the girls I go out with. Things they would take for granted were totally alien to Elaine.

Quest: So you were chatting her up?

Manager: Yes.

Quest: Did she realise?

Manager: I think she must have done. She was very naïve about some things, but she seemed to have a natural sharpness. She was only 19 and had lived in the East End all her life, but she seemed more mature than middle-class girls her age. She knew what I was after. And you can tell when a girl fancies you.

Quest: How did you get the topic of conversation round to sex?

Manager: We were talking about our different ways of life and I said at least there was one thing we had in common. She asked what it was, so I said 'mutual attraction' and put my arms round her shoulders. She turned her face to me and without thinking about it we just kissed. She seemed to enjoy it, so I pushed my tongue into her mouth. She responded quite passionately, much more so than a lot of girls I've kissed, who seem to think it's common to enjoy sex.

Quest: Did you have sex there and then?

Manager: As it happens, no. Though I think she would have been willing. She let me squeeze her tits through her overalls. She was only wearing a bra underneath the nylon and I could feel her firm little nipples harden as I rubbed them through the material. They were beautifully firm breasts. Her bottom was pert as well, small and muscular. I put my hands round her back and stroked it gently. She didn't object so I began kneading it firmly.

Quest: How did she respond?

Manager: Very well. She was rubbing against me, pushing her tongue into my mouth and nibbling my lips. It was such an exciting situation to be in because I'm used to girls who expect an evening out before they let you go that far.

Quest: Did you go any further?

Manager: I began to unbutton her overalls. She was only wearing bra and pants under them. I got the first few buttons undone and reached for her tits. It was just a half-cup bra and I just lifted them out of it. Her nipples were small and dark brown and hard as bullets. I began to suck them, then we heard another cleaner coming along the corridor. Elaine just buttoned her overalls up, said cheerio and ran off, before I had a chance to arrange to meet her.

Quest: But you did see her again?

Manager: Yes. The next night. I stayed late again, though I didn't have anything to do, and she turned up like she had the night before. I arranged to meet her in a nearby pub after she had finished work.

Quest: What happened?

Manager: We had sex.

Quest: You did? Please go into more details.

Manager: Oh, OK. Well, she came to the pub and we had a couple of drinks. She was drinking port and lemon so I bought doubles to get her in the right mood. But that wasn't necessary as it turned out.

Quest: Why?

Manager: When the pub shut I asked her back to my flat for coffee, or some corny line like that. And she just asked: 'Do you mean you want to do me.' I was amazed. Even in my fantasies no girl has ever said that. She was so earthy and unpretentious.

Quest: What happened?

Manager: We took a cab to my flat and I poured us both a drink and put a record on the stereo. She seemed impressed by the place and told me she'd always lived with her parents in a council house. As soon as I sat next to her on the settee we were at it.

Quest: Who made the first move?

Manager: I did. I put my arm round her and the next thing we were kissing passionately with our tongues going right down each others' throat. She had changed from her overalls to a blouse and skirt, and I soon had the blouse undone. She took off the bra herself because it was one of those awkward new types that seem designed to frustrate men. Her tits were magnificent – smallish and very firm. I teased one nipple with my lips, then the other, before licking and sucking them.

Quest: How did Elaine react?

Manager: She loved it. Some girls think they have to pretend to fight you off all the way to the bedroom, but she just enjoyed it. She was wriggling around and moaning while I was sucking her nipples. I wanted to go to the bedroom, but we didn't make it in there, she was so passionate.

Quest: What did you do next?

Manager: I unzipped her skirt and pulled it off. She had on skimpy little black panties and I nuzzled my face against them. She wasn't keen on that at first because nobody had ever licked her fanny. But I carried on rubbing my face into her crack through her pants and soon she was really damp down there and moaning like I'd hurt her. Then I pulled them off and sank my face into that beautiful little bush. She was a natural blonde and had just a slight, whispy, curly little thatch down there. I nuzzled my face in her bush and then gently kissed her crack before licking it and running my tongue round the edge. By the time I was pushing my tongue deep inside and sucking on her clit she was writhing like a tigress, pulling my hair and digging her nails into my neck, begging me not to stop. I pushed my tongue deeper and deeper until I felt her shudder. She yelled and I knew she had climaxed. She lay there gasping.

Quest: Did she perform oral sex on you?

Manager: Yes. She must have done that before because she was so good at it. She watched me while I undressed, then when I was naked she pulled me to her so I was kneeling astride her face on the settee. She teased me with her tongue, running it up and down my shaft. Then she took me right into her mouth and moved her mouth backwards and forwards over it. She stopped before I climaxed and told me she wanted to feel my cock inside her.

Quest: Did you have actual sexual intercourse?

Manager: I should say so. I moved down between her legs and just pushed my cock a little way into her, sliding backwards and forwards. Each time I slid it a little further in before pulling it out again and rubbing it against the edge of her crack. Then I plunged it hard into her, thrusting as deep as I could. She wrapped her legs around me like a vice, and her fingers clawed at my back as I began ramming it in hard, then pulling it almost all the way out. I did this, getting faster and faster. She was yelling at the top of her voice, totally abandoned to the feeling of sex. It was the most satisfying fuck I've ever had. I've never met a girl who writhed, bit and scratched like her. Afterwards my back and neck and shoulders looked like I'd been attacked by a cat. The local YCs could learn a lot from her. She was so natural, and just enjoyed sex without putting on any airs and graces.

Quest: Did you climax?

Manager: Oh yes. As I got faster and faster, she was yelling louder and louder. Then we climaxed at the same time because all her shouting and moaning really got me worked up. We were both exhausted after and just lay there for a while, recovering. Then she had to get the bus home because her mother was expecting her.

Quest: Did you see her again?

Manager: No. It was just a one-off thing. We wouldn't have got on together well enough to go out with each other because we had nothing in common apart from sex. That's not me being snobby, we both decided that. Really I suppose we live in two different worlds.

Quest: Thank you very much.

***Two* Law Student, 20 years old, town of origin Margate**

This interviewee comes from a respectable middle class background and is an ex-public schoolboy.

Quest: What type of woman are you attracted to?

Student: Any woman, I suppose, that I feel comfortable to be with.

Quest: Would you feel comfortable then with a . . . well, say a barmaid type.

Student: I know what you mean, but that's

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being very hard on barmaids. I'm sure there are hundreds of sophisticated women serving in bars. But to answer your question, to have any relationship with a woman you've got to share interests. It would be intolerable having a partner who dyed her hair ten different shades of purple wore leather trousers covered in zips and safety-pins and listened to all this punk rubbish. I dress quite normally, if casually, have a respectable haircut and enjoy classical music and jazz. No, I'm sure that even if you fell head over heels in love with such a girl, then it wouldn't work – you'd soon get on each other's nerves.

Quest: Are you sexually experienced?

Student: I had my end away when I was fifteen for the first time. I've had three or four regular girlfriends and I'm now engaged. So, yes, I'd consider myself sexually experienced.

Quest: And these girls were all from your own social background?

Student: All except the first. She was two years older than I was. I went to spend the holidays at my uncle's farm by the sea. This girl was the daughter of one of the labourers and she'd come along with her father one day as her mother had had to go away – I forget now why precisely. She was very forward, nothing like any of the girls I'd known and when we went for a walk she led me into a small copse and asked me if I'd like to see her cunt – she actually used that word. The next thing was that she'd put her hand over my penis and started rubbing me through my jeans. It was my first sexual encounter and I must have been clumsy but I knew what to do.

Quest: So that was your only encounter with a down-market woman?

Student: You mean scrubber. It wasn't, in actual fact. As you know, I had that little encounter at my brother's wedding last summer.

Quest: Run over it again in more detail.

Student: It was very lucky, one of the few good Saturdays we had last summer. We had the reception out-of-doors at the bride's father's – her parents are divorced. They'd hired a private caterer to lay-on the luncheon and serve the drinks. It was super really, like a Victorian garden party, everyone dressed to the nines – a majority of the women in long dresses and the men in morning suits. Splendid.

Quest: And the girl you mentioned was serving food or drinks.

Student: Yes. Drinks. I can recall it now. After leaving the church we drove to Barbra's father's house and we milled around in the front for a time before being invited into the house for a celebration drink with a few close relatives. I remember walking through the French doors and being confronted by this absolute picture – a very attractive little blonde, in a black short skirt and a white apron and white blouse. 'Would you like a drink, Sir,' she asked in a sort of Stepney accent, 'red, white or there's some rosy over there if you'd like.' I ask you, rosy! But it wasn't her accent I noticed but this great pair of heaving tits resting just above her tray. I told her I'd just had some champagne but that I'd have a glass of white. 'It's all right for the toffs,' she said, 'are you the best man or something, dressed up like that. I know you're not the husband because he's over there.' I told her I was his brother, and she said she hoped I'd forgive her as she'd never served at one of these 'dos' before. I asked how she came to be doing one now, and she told me she needed the extra money for a new three-piece suite. 'I'm on me own, you know,' she said, 'got three kids.' I asked her what her husband did.

Quest: What did she say.

Student: There was a silence for a minute or two and I guessed that she was embarrassed. I said I was sorry for asking, figuring that she must be divorced or widowed. 'Needn't be,' she said, 'but the truth is I'm not married.' What can you say, it's a sort of conversation stopper. And then she caught me looking down at her breasts and she smiled and went off to serve more drinks. As I watched her walk away something inside me stirred and I really started to feel randy. Strange women don't usually have that effect on me, but there I was thinking to myself how enjoyable it would be just to get her alone and slip her a length. She was obviously used to it.

Quest: What happened next?

Student: I went off to do the usual mingling but kept an eye on her. When I saw her heading back towards the house to fill her glasses again I followed her. In the kitchen we were alone and I pretended I'd come inside for a drink. When she saw me she offered to fill me up. 'I'd rather fill you up,' I said, sort of under my breath. 'I heard that,' she said, 'cheeky thing.' We started chatting again and she asked if my brother was 'having' to get married. 'Certainly not,' I said. 'And another thing, they haven't even lived together – strange for this day and age.' 'She's not going to be able to sit down then for a while after tonight then,' she laughed. I could hardly believe it. She certainly didn't mince her words and got straight to the nitty-gritty. Under any other circumstances it would have been ridiculous, but there and then I was filled with lust for this obvious tart. I asked her if she hadn't been able to sit down after her wedding night, then I remembered she'd said she wasn't married. 'There's many a time I've been so sore down there, know what I mean, after a good, you know. . . .' My heart was pounding and I could feel the adrenalin flowing. I was torn – I wanted to screw her, but I didn't want to create a scene or anything and spoil my brother's wedding celebration.

Quest: So what did you do?

Student: I went over in my mind all that she said. It was obvious to me that she half expected men to try it on. So . . .

Quest: What?

Student: So, I didn't disappoint her, I waited till she'd picked up her tray of drinks and I said to her, 'Be careful, they're very expensive, those glasses, I'm sure they'll expect you to pay for any you break,' and with that I put my hand up her skirt. I nearly gagged when I discovered bare flesh – she actually wore stockings. I didn't think anyone wore stockings, only in fantasies. She didn't react at all, neither to stop me or put down the tray, so I edged my hand further round and asked her to put the tray down. We stood there facing each other and I moved my hand back up her skirt and onto her knickers and started rubbing her though the material. Gradually I slid the material aside and massaged her along her slit. 'I love that,' she said, 'frig me. Frig me here, now, in the kitchen before someone else comes.' I started rubbing her harder and harder, and she started responding, moaning slightly and then she moved her legs together pressing my hand further into her. We had to break off as one of the other serving girls came back into the kitchen.

Quest: What did you do?

Student: After the other girl had gone I said to her that it was too busy there and that I'd see her in half an hour behind the garages. The thing was that the garage block was quite a way from the house and at the front. The back was shielded from the house by a high brick wall.

Quest: Were you excited by the thought?

Student: I'd developed an erection in the kitchen and so I went to the loo until it subsided and I could come out and walk around unobtrusively chatting. Even when I was talking to people I kept looking at my watch and wishing time would go. I must have appeared quite rude, but all I could think about was stuffing this tart in a few minutes. And anyway the uncertainty was enough to keep me on tenter-hooks.

Quest: Uncertainty?

Student: I had no real idea that she'd show up, though for that half hour or so I wanted nothing else. It was just as well that my fiancée couldn't be there – she was in Canada, thank God. I probably wouldn't have had the opportunity to chat up the girl if she had been. But I'd certainly still have wanted her.

Quest: You would still have wanted to have sex with her?

Student: Yes. She was something completely different – so un-ladylike. I probably would have risked it.

Quest: But you didn't have to.

Student: I waited for the half hour and looked round to see if I could see her and couldn't, so I excused myself from the conversation and went into the house, out the front door and round to the garage. Luckily I didn't pass anyone I know, but when I got round there she wasn't there. I said I'd give her five minutes and I was just about to go when she came round the corner. 'What kept you?' I asked. 'Impatient. I just thought I'd make things a little easier – look what you did to me before.' It was her knickers. 'See, they're damp there. Well, what are we waiting for.' I pulled her close to me and we started kissing. She was expert. Her tongue squirmed its way into my mouth and I could feel myself go hard. I let my hand drop and fall onto her breasts and I began to squeeze and knead them through the material of her blouse and bra. 'I want to see your breasts,' I said and began unbuttoning her. She had on one of those flimsy

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bras and I merely lifted it over her breasts. Her nipples were fantastic, large and stubbly and dark in colour. I rubbed them between my thumbs and forefingers and they stood up like miniature erections. I couldn't resist them and moved my head so that I could lick them. She started moaning as I flicked at them with my tongue and started running her fingers through my hair. I moved down her, squatting on my heels, lifted up her skirt and buried my face into her crotch. She moved her legs further apart. 'No more,' she said, 'please, no more, just fuck, fuck me against the garage.' I moved up again and she leant forward and unzipped my trousers and dragged me from my underpants. God, what a sight I must have looked, in grey morning suit with a massive hard-on sticking out of my flies, just about to roger some scrubber. 'How?' I asked her, 'how do you want it?' She started rubbing her hand along the length of my shaft and bent down and took it in her mouth, moving her whole head along it a couple of times and then standing up again. 'Against the wall,' she said and turned round. I made her stick her bottom right out and lean forward taking her weight on her arms against the garage wall. She moved a hand between her legs as she felt me nuzzling along her crack. I thought I'd come the moment I slid into her, just from the sheer excitement it was giving me.

Quest: Did she orgasm?

Student: I pushed right into her as far as I could and she started moaning again quite loudly. 'Ssssh,' I told her; the last thing I wanted was to be seen diddling her. I pulled almost out and back again until I'd built up a rhythm. 'Are you on the Pill,' I asked? 'No,' she said, and I thought, 'Oh no.' I could feel my orgasm building. 'I don't mind,' she said, 'it's not a danger time for me.' But I decided not to and as I came I pulled out. 'No, no,' she said, 'I haven't come off yet.' But after all that and the tension being relieved, I really didn't care; although I did finish her off with my fingers. I gave her my handkerchief to clean up, which she did, and we both muttered something about it being enjoyable. It certainly was, but it was almost as though I should have offered her money for it – it would have made it better if she had been a prostitute because then I could better have justified the reasons why I'd have needed one. As it was, I immediately started to feel guilty. We walked back to the house separately after she'd put her knickers back on, and hardly spoke for the rest of the afternoon. I didn't even notice her and the other caterers leave.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Civil Servant, 42 years old, town of origin London**

This male interviewee's work covers food and agricultural matters. He is married, but has no children.

Quest: Do you often travel in your job?

Civil Servant: Oh no, no. I'm pretty well exclusively desk-bound. Shoving bits of paper here and there with quotas, EEC regulations and all that sort of thing.

Quest: You make it sound pretty dull.

Civil Servant: Well, it's not terribly demanding, but that's the way I like it. I don't want to die at an early age with a heart attack and, besides, I live for my social life.

Quest: But you do manage to get out into the field occasionally?

Civil Servant: That's right. It's what they call familiarisation at grass-roots level. My boss organises it.

Quest: And it was on one of these familiarisation jaunts that you met young Cathy wasn't it?

Civil Servant: What a day that was.

Quest: Tell me what happened.

Civil Servant: I was going down to a farm in Berkshire – last summer it was. Very decent chap the farmer was – not at all how people imagine. He could have been an accountant on his day off. Anyway, I watched them bring the cows into the milking sheds and then I watched the girls attach the milking machines to the cows' udders. None of this milking by hand nowadays, you know. All done by machine. The cows don't seem to mind though. Then I noticed this girl. She must have been in her late teens, I suppose. She seemed specially to notice me.

Quest: Why do you think that was?

Civil Servant: Perhaps because I looked quite smart. Everyone on farms seems to look so tatty. I had on a rather smart Donegal tweed suit.

Quest: Was she attractive?

Civil Servant: Yes, in what I would call a very fresh way. She was a tallish bouncing blonde. She was just wearing jeans over an old shirt, but it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. But there was something electric about the way we looked at each other.

Quest: So you quite fancied her then?

Civil Servant: I don't know whether fancied is the right word. To be honest it was more like lust. She was chewing gum and looked very – well, to put it bluntly – peasantish. You know, how some of those Italian actresses look. And it was definitely a come-on look I was getting. Not a lot escaped the farmer's attention and he noticed what was going on and said, 'You want to watch that one – bit fast she is.' Fat chance of me finding out, I thought to myself.

Quest: But you did?

Civil Servant: Yes, but not at that time. It was some hours later and we'd just come back to where we'd started. She was standing by the milking parlour and she'd changed. She was wearing a blouse and a thin patterned cotton skirt. The farmer had gone off to the house to take a telephone call and I was waiting to make my goodbyes before setting off.

Quest: And you got talking?

Civil Servant: Yes. I said something about her looking very different now and she said she had to go into the neighbouring town for something they needed. Then for some funny reason I said, 'You can't really call yourself a milkmaid, can you? All you do is fit those pipes on.' It sounded a bit rude, but she rose to the bait and blurted out, 'I

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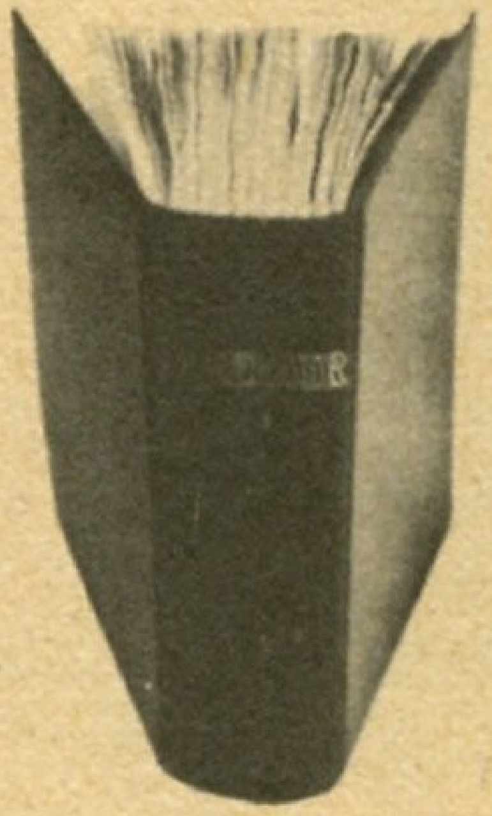

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can milk cows by hand and I'll show you if you don't believe me.'

Quest: What happened then?

Civil Servant: She took me into the milking parlour and brought in a cow that had been kept separate for some reason. She got two buckets, sat on one, and told me to squat the other side of the cow to watch. I could sense there was more to this than a milking demonstration and my heart started racing a bit when I lowered myself, but when I was down my heart nearly stopped.

Quest: Why was that?

Civil Servant: She was crouching on the upturned bucket with her knees splayed wide apart on each side of the cow's udder. I could see right down the inside of her bare, white thighs, all the way to her fanny. Her plain cotton pants bulged tightly against her and were pulled hard into the crack, and some little light brown hairs poked out of one side. I didn't say anything – I couldn't trust my own voice. She must have known I could see everything.

Quest: What happened then?

Civil Servant: She said, 'Now watch this' and proceeded to milk the cow. Her fingers squeezed the teats and milk began to squirt out and make a tinny noise in the bucket. My eyes moved from her hands to her fanny and her legs seemed to be moving further and further apart because there were more little curly hairs than ever poking out the sides of her panties. Then her hands started a different type of movement. She let go of one teat and with the other hand she changed from squeezing and pulling the teat to lightly running her fingers up and down it. The milk stopped coming and I knew what she was simulating. I also knew I was getting hard. I didn't adjust my position because I wanted her to see it. By now her hand was moving up and down very fast, but then she squeezed the teat and squirted milk everywhere. I can't remember being so turned-on before and suddenly heard myself say, 'I wouldn't mind being the cow if she did things like that.' I've never said anything like that before.

Quest: What did she say?

Civil Servant: She said, 'What, here? If I got caught I'd get the sack.'

Quest: What happened next?

Civil Servant: It was surprisingly easy really. I said that as I was just going I'd run her into the town. She grinned and said that would be nice. We'd only got about two miles down the road when she pointed to a rutted track and said, 'Down there.' We came to a glade. I stopped the engine and I didn't need to pretend any more. I just said, 'Why me?' 'It's not often a girl gets to meet a gentleman,' she said, 'and I like to enjoy myself – don't care what people say, but you're only young once.'

Quest: Where did you end up?

Civil Servant: I parked the car where we were and we walked through a gate into a cornfield to a spot by a stream the other side. It was quite hot so I took off my jacket for her to lie on. She reclined back and put her hands behind her head and closed her eyes. I reached over and slowly started undoing her buttons on the front of her blouse. I waited until I had the last one undone before I pulled the side open. Her breasts were large but flattened because she was lying on her back. Each time she moved a little they wobbled. The nipples were almost the same colour as the surrounding skin and were quite large but very flat. I ran my finger tips over one – it felt very warm and the nipple began to rise in a rubbery mound. I sucked the other one and felt it grow in my mouth, and as I sucked I ran my hand up her calf across the rough skin of her knee to her thigh which felt softer and warmer the higher I went. My fingertips moved slowly along the inside until my hand rested on the bulge of her panties. I moved my mouth from her nipple to her lips and as we kissed I rubbed her mound. She opened her legs quite wide so I moved my hand up her panties onto the bare flesh of her stomach. My thumb found her navel and my fingertips worked their way into the top of her pants. I moved slowly down her smooth stomach until I came across the first pubic hairs. I carried on until my middle finger sought out her crack which was very damp down there. I worked my finger in and then told her to kneel astride my face as I lay back in the grass. She seemed happy to do anything and slipped off her skirt and panties and knelt astride me so that her fanny was right against my mouth. I sucked on her and probed deep into her with my tongue and then I took her right hand and placed two of her fingers inside her crack. She got my message and moved them in and out as far as they would go. My tongue fought with her fingers to get inside her. She moved them faster and faster and leaned right back, and just as I sensed her orgasm approaching I moved her hand away and pushed my tongue as hard as I could into her. As she came she grabbed the back of my head and jerked her fanny into my face until she had finally subsided.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Civil Servant: I should say so. She came and lay beside me and undid my trousers and eased them off with my pants. I was hard and throbbing, and as her fingers lightly touched my erection it felt like an electric shock running through me. She started rubbing me up and down, but I had to stop her quite quickly because I felt myself starting to come. I told her I hadn't any contraceptives with me and she laughed. 'We don't need those, silly,' she said, 'I've been on the pill for ages.' So then we had full sex. I didn't want to lie on top of her – I wanted to take her from behind and, besides, I'd always wanted to try it.

Quest: Did she mind?

Civil Servant: Not at all. She was happy to raise her bottom in the air and groaned with pleasure as I eased myself into her. I pushed in and out quite fiercely while squeezing her bottom and letting my fingers roam up and down the crack. All too soon I felt my orgasm approaching and as I came she seemed to come too. I felt totally satisfied afterwards. It was sex for the sake of sex without complication. I felt it had been an excellent day out.

Quest: Thank you.

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ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CHRISTER FLODQUIST

When 17-year-old Rose Neve left her home in Ruislip for a two week holiday in Sweden, she didn't dream that she would end up on the cover of *Mayfair*. 'I have been writing to a penfriend for nearly seven years and she invited me to go over and visit her on the island of Gotland. It sounded so picturesque that I jumped at the opportunity.' Photographer Christer Flodquist met her there and persuaded her to pose for a *Mayfair* picture set.

Peter decided that Rose's statuesque 36-24-35 figure should be photographed in an equally beautiful setting, so he took her to Visby on the island's west coast and used the ancient castle as a backdrop. 'It has a wonderful atmosphere, so calm and peaceful, and I got the feeling that all its former inhabitants were still there.' Rose is fascinated by the past, and her ambition is to become a historian. Her favourite era is Medieval England because she loves the idea of dashing knights in armour rushing to defend beautiful maidens in distress. 'I'd love to be swept off my feet by a gallant knight on horseback, but the best I seem to get offered is a ride in a clapped-out Cortina.'

Don't get the impression that Rose is a romantic with her head in the clouds, because her feet are on the ground and tapping to the latest rock sounds. And back home in Ruislip, where she is studying for her A Levels, she has a weekend job in a record shop. 'I enjoy the work because I get to hear all the latest releases, and meet quite a few guys as well.' She admits to having quite a few boyfriends, and says, 'I think men are a bit like records. You have one for a while then you get bored and want to try something else. I want to experience as much as I can while I'm young, and that includes sex. Us girls enjoy sex just as much as men, so why shouldn't we sow a few wild oats too?'

Hot blood, cold steel

continued from page 82

effect, the throat, the right or left breast, the stomach, the right or left groin, or the kidneys.' But if the experts had no sympathy for the victim they were still concerned for the welfare of the man behind the bayonet and cautioned helpfully: 'Unless the rifle is firmly gripped it is liable to injure the hands.' Which, all in all, was pretty nice of them.

But to continue the fighting instructions: 'Grasping the rifle firmly, deliver the point from the *On Guard* position to the full extent of the left arm with the butt running alongside and kept close to the right forearm. Body inclined forward, left knee bent, right leg braced and the weight of the body well forward ... the impetus of the body and the forward punch of the arms supply the necessary force to penetrate. The eyes must be fixed on the object at which the point is made.'

Once you've speared your enemy, what next? 'In the case of an opponent lying on the ground, the foot may be placed on the body close to the bayonet to assist withdrawal.' But search as you may through the pages of the Handbook there is no instruction to wipe the blood from the blade before skewering your next victim. The experts were obviously not strong on hygiene!

The Handbook contains 12 bloodcurdling pages of detailed instructions on how to kill your man by numbers, backed up by ten demonstration photographs. If, for example, the first thrust, or *long point,* failed to be effective there was always the jab, 'Kill him by an upward point at the throat', or butt strokes, the slash, and the kick. The butt stroke, we are informed, should be directed at the opponent's chin. And if you happen to miss? Well don't let it worry you. Just 'continue the swing of the rifle and slash the opponent's neck with the bayonet.'

The final section of the Handbook deals with methods of counter-attack using a right or left parry and warns that 'Parrying wide, so uncovering the body and being thus out of position to return the attack is a common mistake.' The second most common mistake is: 'Closing the eyes or turning the head away.' It does not mention dropping to one's knees and begging for mercy but presumably *that* was a mistake made only by one's opponent!

With the Fighting Instructions in mind it is possible to visualise the horrifying reality of the bayonet in action as witnessed by this random sample of press cuttings:

'14 January 1915. The Russians annihilated the entire Turkish 52nd Regiment with the bayonet at Kara-Urgan in the Caucasus. Not a single Turk survived.'

'Lt Hughes and his platoon charged them in front and as they closed the enemy trench he was killed, shot through the head. His slayer was spitted on a bayonet and even then tried to kick his man. But he was downed and spitted through and through. He died game.'

'Lieutenant Leach of the 2nd Manchesters was determined to get back the lost position. When darkness fell he made a careful reconnaisance and then sent for Sergeant Hogan and called for ten volunteers. They were readily forthcoming and the party set off on its perilous enterprise. Taking the Germans completely by surprise by a sudden bayonet attack, they obtained a lodgement in the trench. Leach and Hogan then went on alone, working their way sideways along the trench until they had hemmed the Germans into one traverse from which there was no outlet. The remaining Germans thereupon surrendered. Leach and Hogan killed eight of the enemy, wounded two, and took 16 prisoners in addition to winning back the position. Not a bad night's work.'

Military histories, newspaper reports, letters from the front, and propaganda material contain literally thousands of similar actions in which the bayonet played the key role and it would be boring and repetitive to chronicle them in detail. But certain incidents stand out and bear repeating if only to acknowledge the gallantry of the men taking part.

During the Indian Mutiny in 1858 Sergeant Major Henry defended a battery of guns against an overwhelming force of sepoys and fought them off until he collapsed from no less than 12 bayonet wounds. Happily the heroic Sergeant Major recovered and was awarded one of the earliest Victoria Crosses.

In the Afghan War of 1879 – when a British army invaded Afghanistan to support a puppet government – a detachment of 150 men of the Marwara Battalion (a native unit of the British Indian Army) led by Captain Creagh took up a defensive position in a cemetery outside the village of Kam Dakka and held off attacks by 1,500 tribesmen over a period of eight hours and 'repeatedly drove them back with the bayonet' until finally relieved by a troop of the famous Bengal Lancers.

The bayonet continued to flourish in World War Two despite the advent of dive bombers, flame throwers, and Panzer divisions. Corporal John Edmondson of the 2/17th New South Wales Battalion won Australia's first VC of the Hitler war at Tobruk in April 1941 with his bayonet. Counter-attacking a German infantry unit which had broken through the defences he was wounded in the neck and stomach by bullets but continued to lead his men forward and skewered one German soldier who tried to shoot him at point-blank range. Then going to the rescue of an officer who was being attacked by two of the enemy the Corporal disposed of both Germans with his bayonet.

In another incident during the Eighth Army's Western Desert campaign a New Zealander, Sergeant Keith Elliott, challenged an enemy machine-gun post with nothing more than the glistening cold steel of his bayonet. Heavy mortar and machine-gun fire felled the New Zealanders like ninepins as they charged to the attack but despite his own wounds Elliott urged the remaining seven men forward and, by bayonet alone, they captured four machine-gun posts, an anti-tank gun, and took 130 prisoners.

No doubt the enemy troops who found themselves facing Sergeant Elliott's deadly bayonet would have fervently shared the view of General Alderson who gave the following pep-talk to Canadian troops in 1914: 'The Germans do not like the bayonet. If they get up to you, or you get up to them, go right in with the bayonet. You have the physique to drive it home. I do not envy the enemy when you get amongst them with your bayonets.'

Or as Corporal Jones preferred to put it: *They don't like it up 'em!*

Colin Whittock.

'Don't go all guilty on me – just think of it as road testing your vasectomy . . .'

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LETTERS

continued from page 14

lady should be fully and smartly dressed and seen to enjoy the caper. To me this would be far more entertaining than the kind of blatant pictures one gets in other magazines.

For enjoyment and anticipation the lady should pose in a set titled *'Mayfair Slapstick Fashion Parade'* and our model should come on to the set wearing a smart suit, brown blouse ruffled at the neck, with white gloves and hat. She should hold her jacket open to display her bust, and at this point she would receive a large custard pie down her front.

She shrugs this off with a smile, sits down on a stool and, picking up a large bowl of custard, tips it down the front of her outfit. She revels in the sensation of it pouring down her skirt and over her stockings. Then she stands up and with gay abandon takes hold of the hem of her skirt and rips it right up to pantie level, revealing stocking tops and suspenders. She then picks up another cream cake and stuffs it down her knickers, laughing as she does so.

T Wyatt, Trumpington

We bet tea time is a messy affair at your house.

It had been arranged for a young female friend in her late teens to visit us for a weekend in connection with her hobby. But on the Friday when she was expected, it transpired that I had to welcome her on my own.

I knew she would not arrive before 10 pm because she worked in a large store about 100 miles away and was going to travel on a moped.

About 10.15 pm as the rain was teeming down, I heard the sounds of a moped and ran to beckon her into the garage. Needless to say she had met the storm over the last 20 miles and to say she was soaked would be an understatement. She was shivering as well. I told her to take off her top gear and leave it to drip dry.

In the kitchen I gave her a towel to rub herself down while I put on the kettle. I gave her a tot of whisky and went to run her a hot bath. When she came up to the bathroom I gave her a pair of my blue silk pyjamas which were now too small for me, as the clothes she had brought were damp. Holding up the pyjamas, she pointed to the usual male frontal opening and said, 'That's very handy,' and added, 'In such circumstances it is usual for the male to at least wash the female's back. Anyway, I hope you will stay and talk to me. We have no inhibitions in our family, we've all seen each others' bodies and the bathroom door is never locked. My mother and father believe that a healthy attitude towards the physical differences of the body is to be encouraged.'

I needed no second bidding as I'm old enough to be her father. I tested the water while she peeled off her undies to reveal a firm neat figure. All her hair was dark brown with auburn tints, and her pubic triangle was very neatly trimmed indeed. I was to learn more about this area in due course.

Stepping into the bath, she lay down with her head at the sloping end, just keeping her nipples above the surface. I just couldn't resist this, so I bent over and kissed each of them. 'I was hoping you would do something like that,' she said, 'I'm easily aroused as you can see.' Her nips had indeed proved her words by standing to attention.

After soaking herself for a while she sat up and said, 'Now let's get on with the washing,' and handed me the flannel and soap, adding, 'back, please.' What man could have refused? Needless to say it was not only her back that I washed. Two shapely legs were raised in turn, then she said, 'You might as well do my front,' and looked straight into my eyes as I started to soap her shoulders and work downwards. She knelt up in the bath and I gave her a kiss and continued washing down to her hips. 'When I am dry in a minute I would like you to do something for me,' she said. 'But first let me have a good hot soak to finish. Then you can help me dry myself.'

When she stood up with her back to me I thought perhaps I had already had my 'frontal ration', but I dried her from the shoulders down and on reaching her lovely little cheeks I sensed her stiffen but only for a few seconds. Then she spread her legs apart slightly and I proceeded to dry her loveliest part.

Then she climbed out of the bath, sat on the edge and lifted each leg in turn for me to dry them. A dusting with talc followed, particularly in every nook and cranny.

Going into the bedroom she sat on the edge of the bed and said, 'I've said I want you to do something for me, if you will. Two things, in fact. The first is to trim away the hairs between my legs. It is so difficult to do alone and I usually get my boyfriend to do it.' I replied, 'A pleasure,' whereupon she took off her pyjama trousers, laid backwards on the bed and spread her legs wide. What a lovely picture she made. I found a pair of scissors and proceeded to snip away within her beautiful crotch. She evidently became excited as moisture appeared.

'Now,' she said, 'I want you to give me the full treatment, just letting me hold you with no movement whatever,' and she brought her legs down on each side of me and rested them on my hips, edging her body towards me so that our essential parts were close enough to perform a coupling.

My trouser front revealed that I was more than ready for her, and we manoeuvred so that I was probing her entrance. I eased gently into her and as she was in an aroused state there was no difficulty in sliding completely in. Then we relaxed to have complete enjoyment of each other. We remained together like this for five minutes, then as I gradually withdrew she suggested that I stay in bed with her.

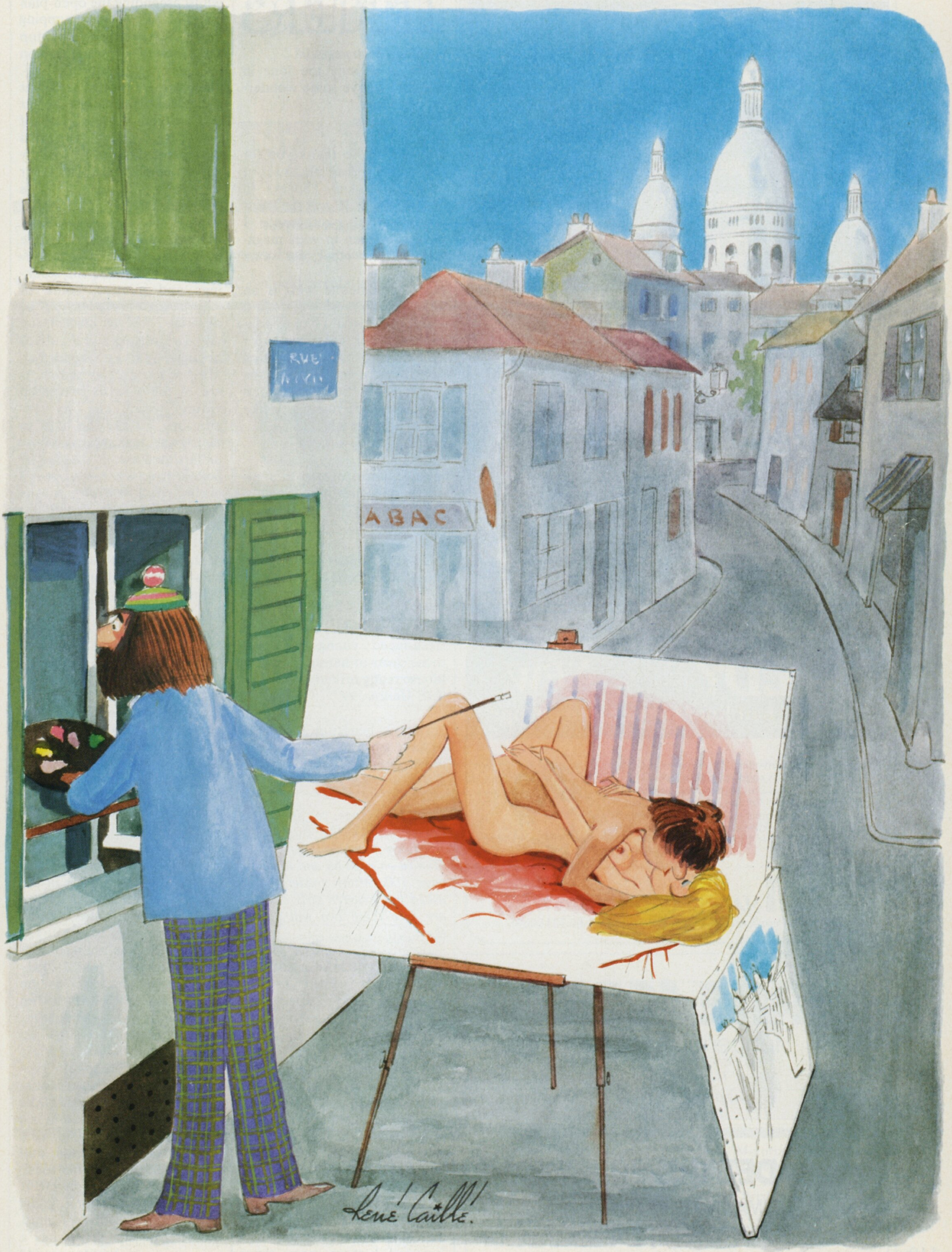
I soon had my clothes off and we were facing each other between the sheets. It did not take us long to couple together, and I suggested that it would give us both extra pleasure if she just took my tip only. We did this and how superbly beautiful it was to drift off to sleep coupled with a lovely young woman and to wake up in such a position.

Needless to say we both enjoyed each other, thanks to my early morning erection. To get the full benefit she straddled me so that I touched her deep inside and she cried out with the delight it gave her.

Our commitments would not

turn to page 110

'You obviously have the wrong number, Mister. This is your wife speaking!'



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LETTERS

continued from page 108

allow us to stay too long in bed, but I have some wonderful memories.
C H, Somerset

I would like to thank you for the centre spread photo set of 16-year-old Anne Sparks in Vol 16 No 3. It was the most erotic set of photographs I have ever seen in your magazine, or any other, for some time.

Here is someone who is an adult but in some ways still a child, and I would like to congratulate her for posing for such pictures at such a young age. What a lovely body she has, and I hope you can persuade more young girls like her to pose for you.
R C, Hemel Hempstead

. . . a beautiful mixture of innocence and worldliness. She has superb natural sex appeal . . .
L A, Sutton

. . . such a pretty face, and those stupendous breasts . . .
P T, Swindon

. . . it's wonderful to see such a fresh-faced young girl, and those shots of her undoing her blouse really turned me on . . .
A D, Manchester

. . . simply beautiful. Please let us have a lot more young girls in *Mayfair* . . .
R S, Colchester

If you liked Anne, you should be delighted with our two seventeen-year-olds this month – Monica on page 68 and Rose on page 100. Many readers have asked for younger girls and we are sure these two will please them.

A recent article in a national newspaper on the female flasher of Basingstoke who reveals herself to anyone who cares to look has prompted me to write in case other *Mayfair* readers are interested in my wife's exposures to the outside world.

This gorgeous lady to whom I have been married for four years has always been something of an exhibitionist, and a devoted *Mayfair* reader, I might add.

She has 'accidentally' revealed her stocking tops and panty-covered bottom many times whilst ascending the open-plan stairs in our modern shopping centre. On reaching the top she bends to adjust her grip on a heavy shopping bag. Needless to say I am always at a discreet distance behind her and obtain a great deal of amusement watching the faces of the crowd of people, mainly youngsters, who tend to gather below at this strategic voyeur's paradise, to hopefully catch a glimpse of a female's goodies.

My wife has a large wardrobe of erotic underwear consisting of nylon and silk stockings and panties, some of which are mere wisps of material. All of her knickers are very tight-fitting and mould to her derrière like a second skin. Most of her dresses and skirts are of the split or button-up variety which can be very arousing. To say she likes to reveal and tease would be an understatement.

Not far from where we live is a main road which passes through a dense woodland area known locally as The Dell. During the hours of darkness most of the traffic on this road is heavy goods vehicles.

Before you conjure up pictures of multiple pile-ups, my wife chooses her revealing moments carefully, when there is only one vehicle in sight. I always accompany her on these expeditions, for obvious reasons, but remain hidden close by.

She usually wears one of her sexiest outfits and an auburn wig. By sexiest I mean leather boots, seamed stockings, very brief panties and a split skirt with the split round the back.

Her favourite flash is to position herself behind one of the many large trees which border the road. When the time is right and a lone lorry approaches, she steps out of the shadows and walks slowly in the same direction as the vehicle. When it gets to within 15–20 yards away, she reaches down, grasps the skirt on either side of the split, and lifts it up to waist level. Her swaying backside and stockinged legs in knee-high boots just could not be missed in the glare of the headlights. She sometimes just stands and bends over, touching her toes.

The effect this has on me is electrifying, so I don't know how the lorry drivers must feel. Before the driver has a

turn to page 114

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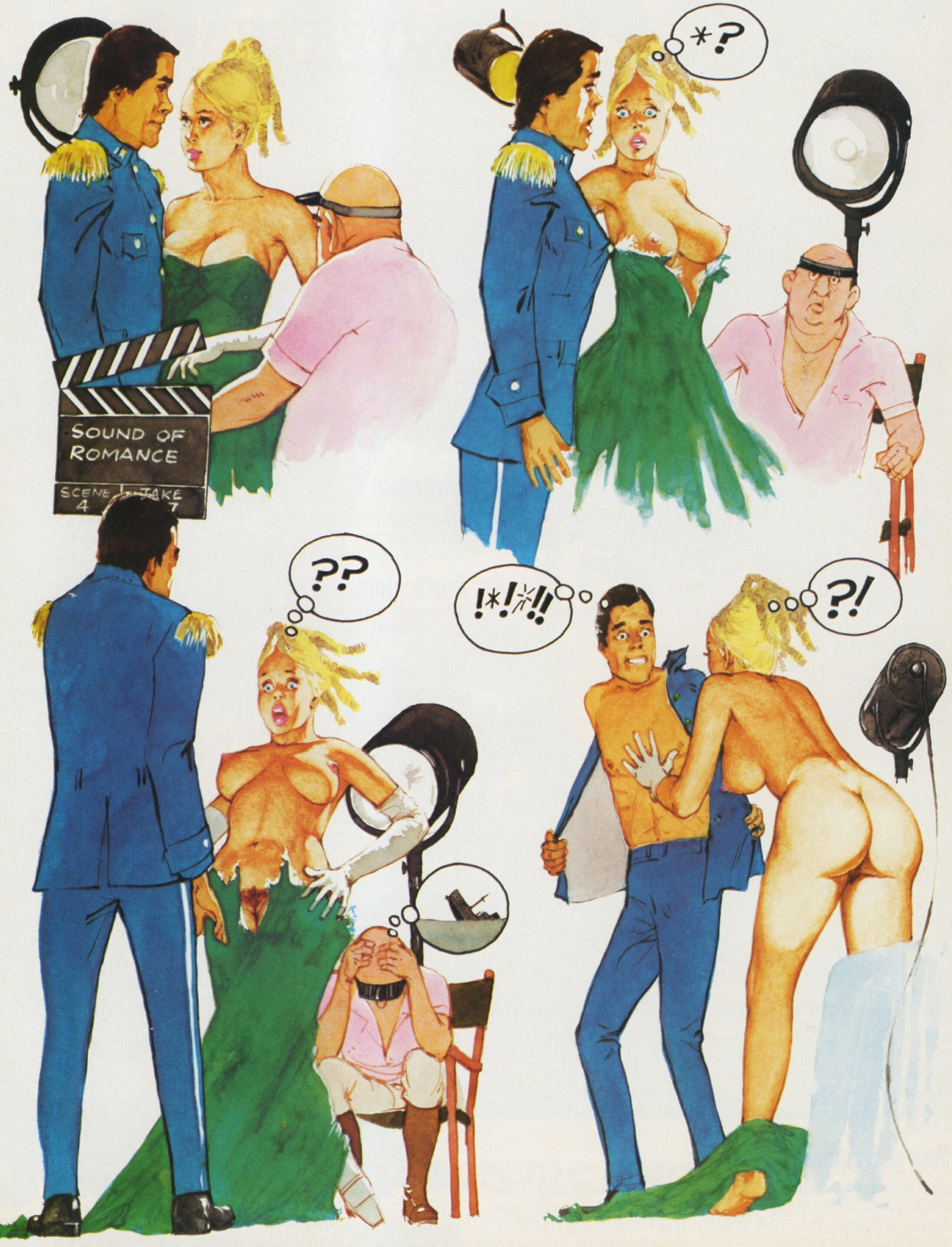
JAPAN AIR LINES

M165

CONNIE

The 'Action' is for real when Connie joins the film set


SOUND OF ROMANCE
SCENE 4
TAKE 7
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!*!*!!
?!

?!*!!
?!!
!!!
DIRECTOR
BOUDOIR BUMPS
SCENE 4
TAKE ~~5~~ 6.

LETTERS

continued from page 110

chance to stop for another look, we have both run off into the wood, laughing.

We don't use the same spot more than once every few months, but I can't help laughing at the thought of any drivers spending hours travelling up and down that stretch of road in a vain attempt at spotting the sexy nympho.

This harmless game boosts our sex-life tremendously, but does not rule it. The subject of female flashers must be one of great interest to many *Mayfair* readers, but your letters pages contain very little mention of it. We can't be alone in this, can we? So let's hear more on the subject from readers.

(Name and address withheld)

Why not send in some photos of your wife so we can flash them at our two million readers?

A few weeks ago while looking through back numbers of *Mayfair*, I started reading a letter in Vol 7 No 8 which described the fantastic thrill the writer had felt when he gently persuaded his wife to tiptoe into the spare bedroom for a late night cuddle with their guest.

I was halfway through this sexy account when I suddenly realised that the writer was me! For some reason I had never looked at this issue before, but reading my letter again brought back memories of that heart-pounding night.

I mentioned this to Paul (name changed), a great friend of ours, a few days later. That evening my wife Jane (name changed), Paul and I went out to the local, and quite soon the conversation got round to the letter, and then the night of the 'visit'. As we drank and talked about it we got fairly turned on, and in the car on the way home Jane sat in the back with Paul.

When we got home I went to make the coffee and when I came back to the lounge, they were both on the sofa kissing. Paul's right hand was under her jersey, and his other hand had just unclipped her bra. They both looked very guilty when I came in, but I put the coffee down and sat down beside Jane.

Quite soon Paul and I had lifted her jersey up and were both kissing her breasts and nipples, to the accompaniment of murmuring and heavy breathing all round.

After some wriggling about I realised that Paul's left hand had moved down the back of her jeans. I undid the button and zip of her jeans and started to move my hand inside her panties, caressing her luxuriant pussy.

As I moved down to her moist opening, I suddenly met two of Paul's fingers which had just found the same entrance. Jane practically went mad with both of us working on her, and with a neat movement she lifted her hips and pushed jeans, tights and panties down to her ankles where Paul quickly removed them.

She looked absolutely ravishing laying back on the sofa, enjoying the attention of two lusty, and by now nearly nude, males. Paul knelt between her wide apart legs and kissed her pussy. This proved too much for her and she pulled him up towards her until his tip brushed against her slit.

Jane glanced at me with a look as if to say, 'Can I?' and when I nodded she put her hands over Paul's bum and pulled him inside her.

He climaxed before she did and I took over for the most fantastic lovemaking ever. During the evening Paul and I each made love to her twice more, and in the early hours we helped her up to bed.

Next day Jane and I agreed that it had been an incredible night that we would always remember, but that maybe a repeat would not be a good idea. But then perhaps. . . .

R S, Luton

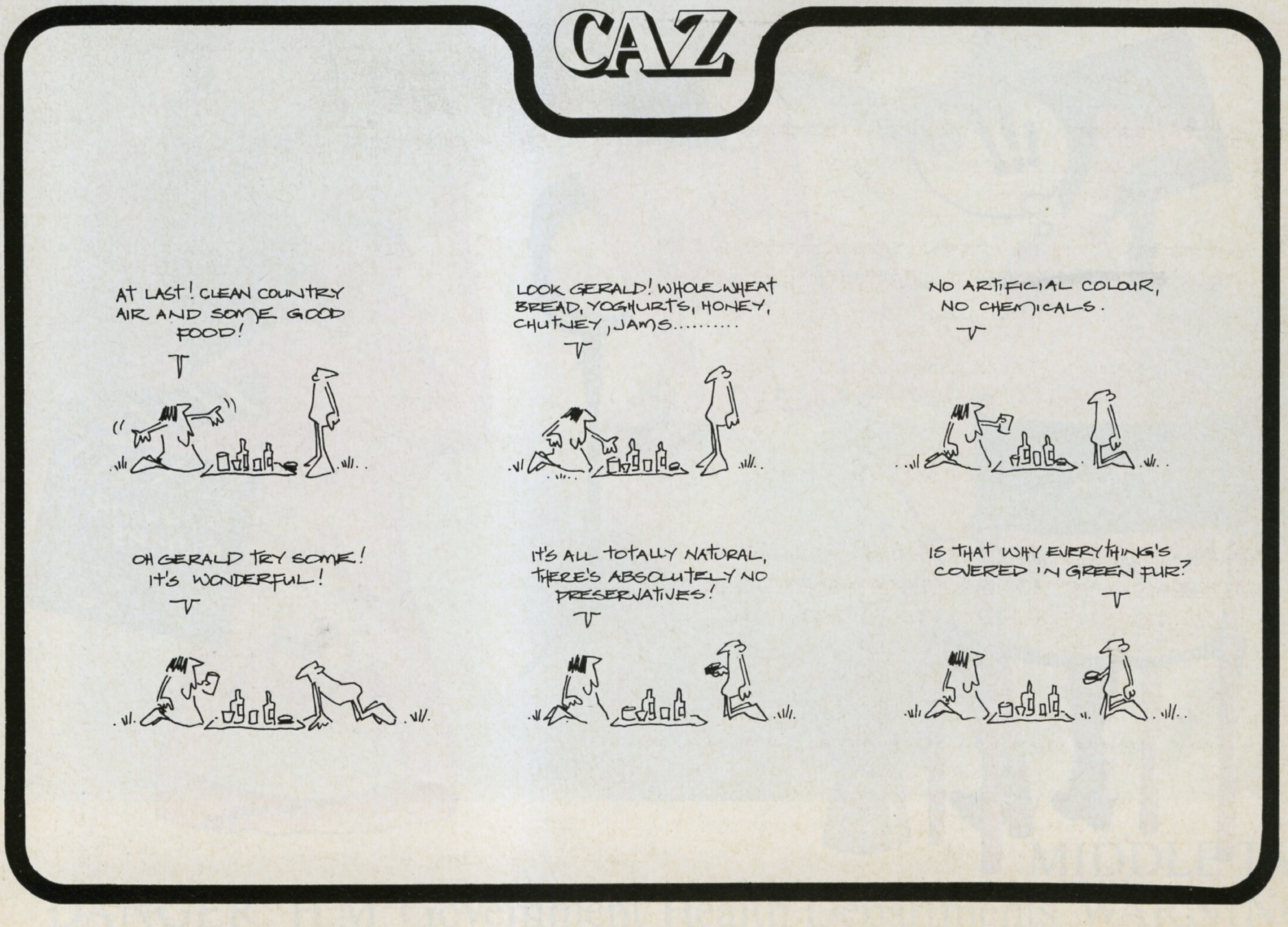
I do not normally go for Japanese girls myself, but when I bought my copy of Vol 16 No 1 and saw Keiko I changed my mind. Her neat breasts and almost pubeless pussy really turned me on.

Please feature more girls like her, possibly with their pubes shaved completely.

S R, Driffield

You might say you have a 'yen' to see more Japanese girls.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ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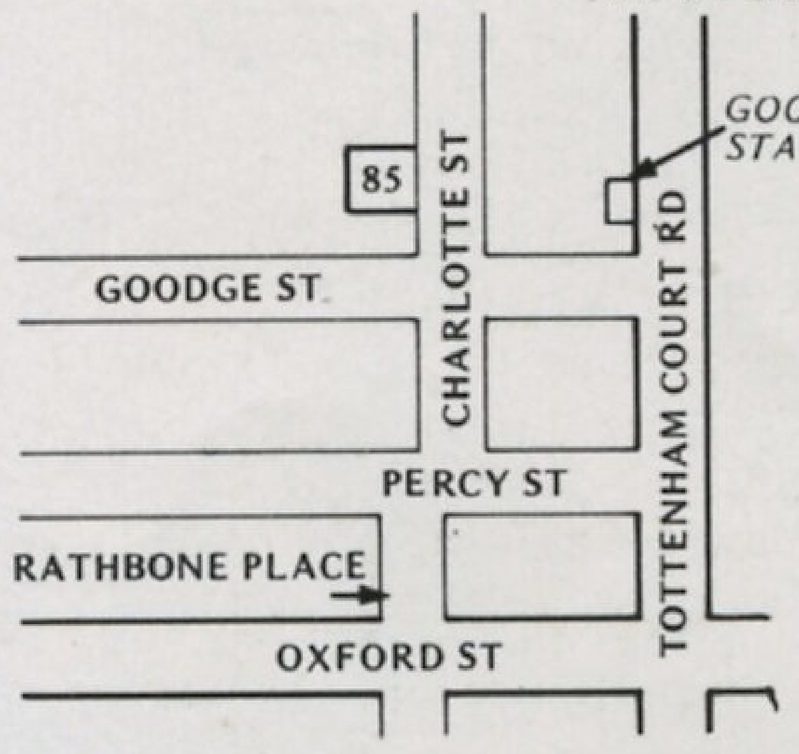

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